

POLICE

MARCH No.76

COMICS

10¢

**PLASTIC
MAN**

meets

**The Prince
of Plunder,
MR. MORBID!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

AMAZING! NEW!

ELECTRONIC JUKE-BOX BANK



IT LIGHTS!
when coin is inserted

Now You Can Get a KICK out of Saving!

LIGHTS MAGICALLY!

WHEN COIN IS INSERTED

HERE is the most remarkable bank ever offered to the public. Imagine getting a bank that looks and works like a real Juke Box. It's great fun to insert coins from pennies up to quarters and watch the Juke Box Bank **MAGICALLY LIGHT UP** just like a real Juke Box would. Made of colorful plastic and metal, beautifully hand painted. Makes saving a pleasure.



only
\$1.69



1. Pull plunger all the way out



2. Place coin in slot provided



3. Push plunger all the way in



4. Watch it magically light up!

SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address. Pay postman \$1.69 plus a few cents postage on delivery or send a check or money order, we pay postage. Inspect the Juke Box Bank for five days. If not delighted, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded. **Send your order NOW.**

SEND NO MONEY

SHAR-LEE CO., 323 West Division St., Dept. CH
Chicago, Ill.

Send me the Electronic Juke Box Bank on 10 day trial at only \$1.69 each. I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

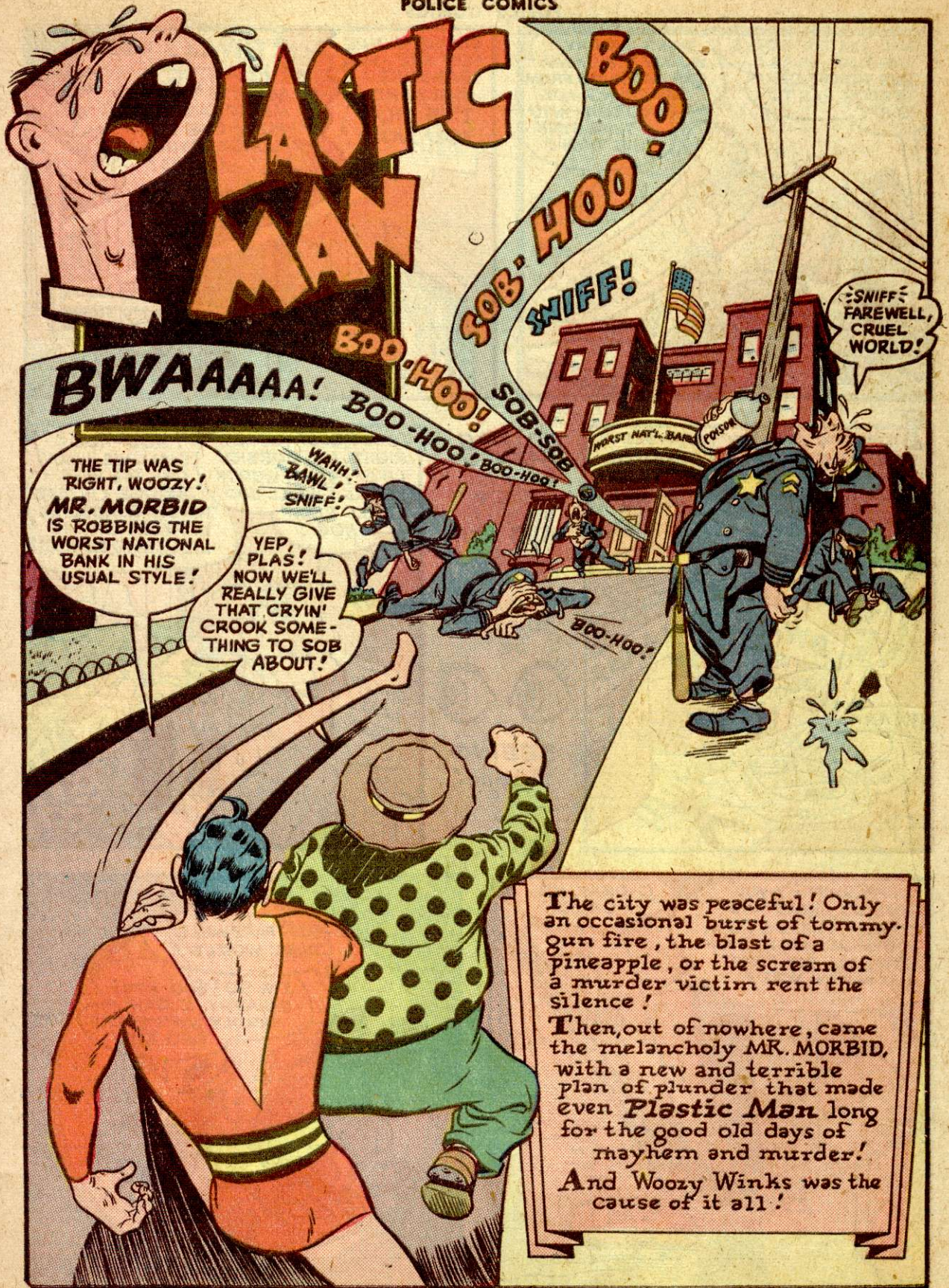
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I am enclosing \$1.69. Send Juke Box Bank Prepaid.

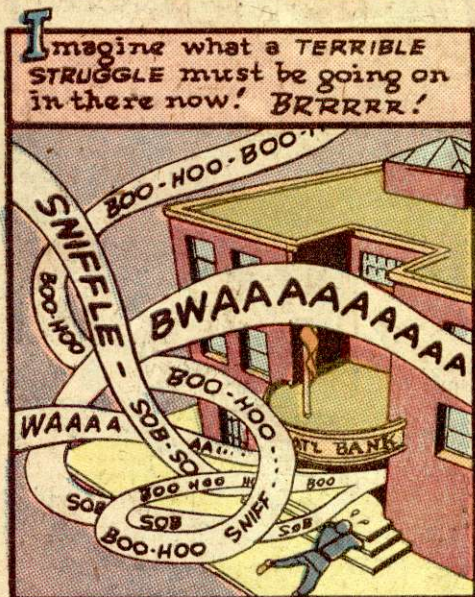
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The city was peaceful! Only an occasional burst of tommy-gun fire, the blast of a pineapple, or the scream of a murder victim rent the silence!

Then, out of nowhere, came the melancholy MR. MORBID, with a new and terrible plan of plunder that made even *Plastic Man* long for the good old days of mayhem and murder!

And Woozy Winks was the cause of it all!



ULP!

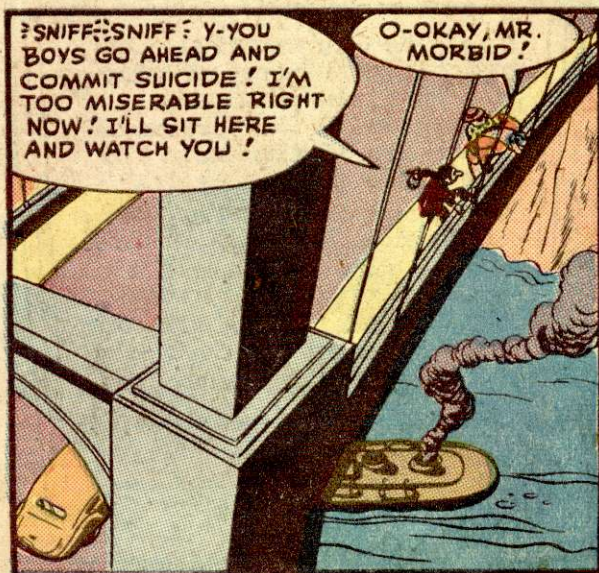
WHAT IS
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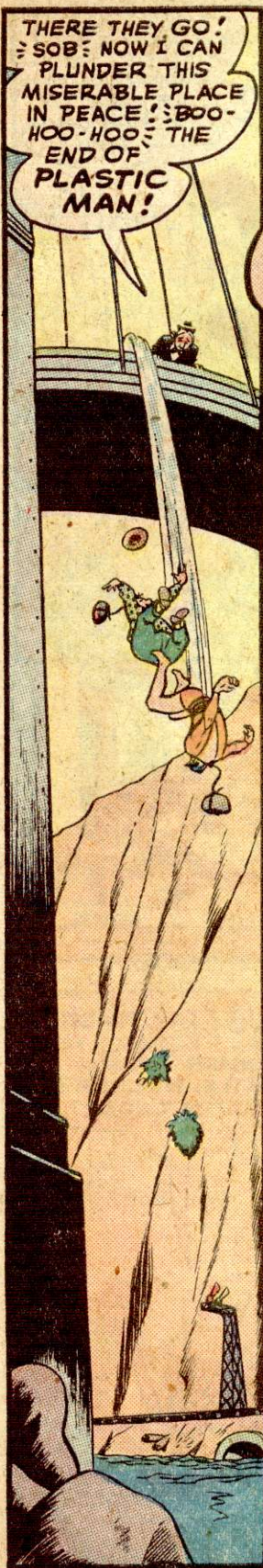
RUB YOUR EYES!

You must
be

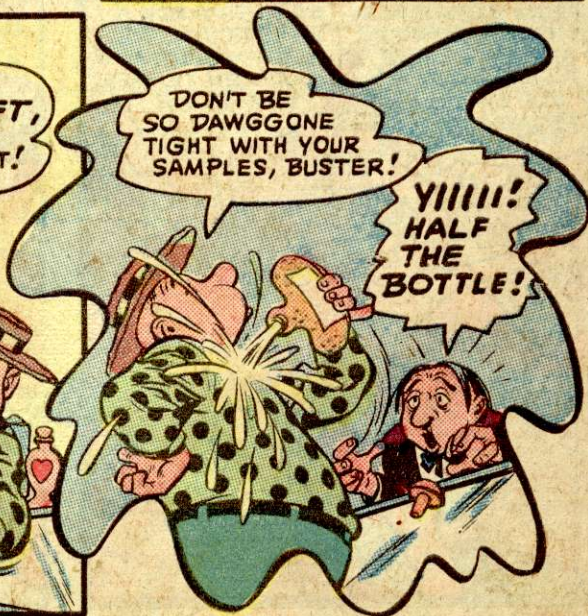


SEEING
things!

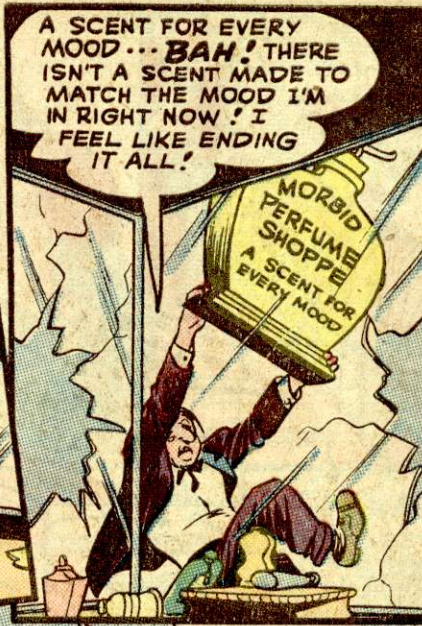


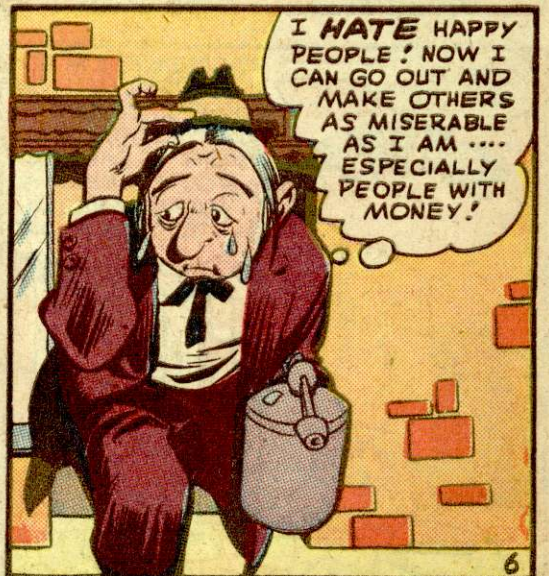
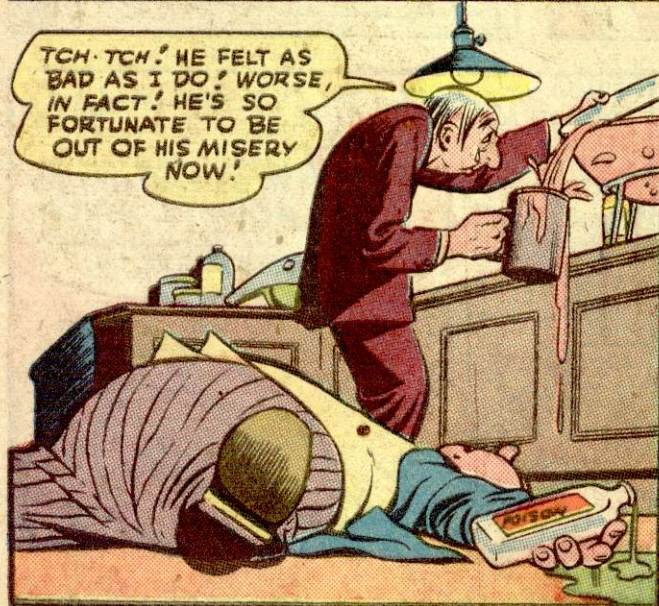
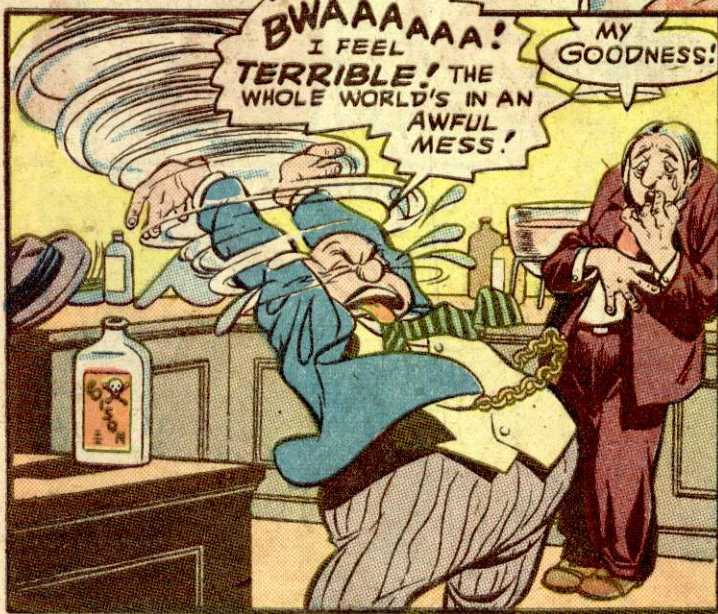
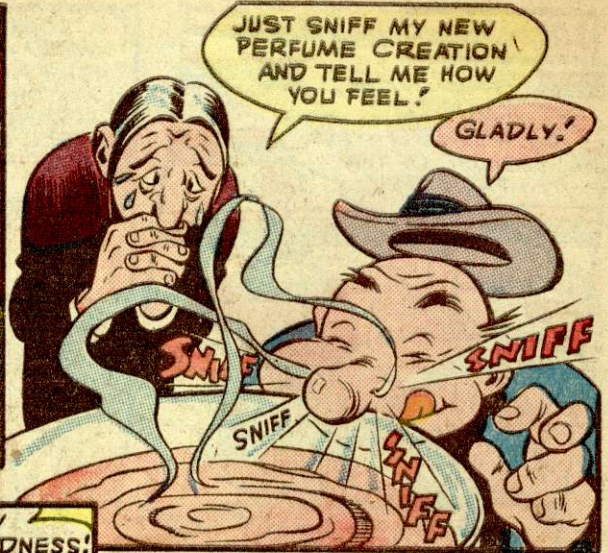
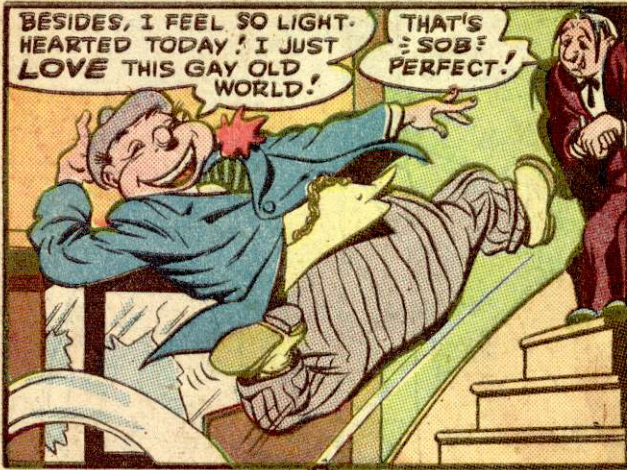


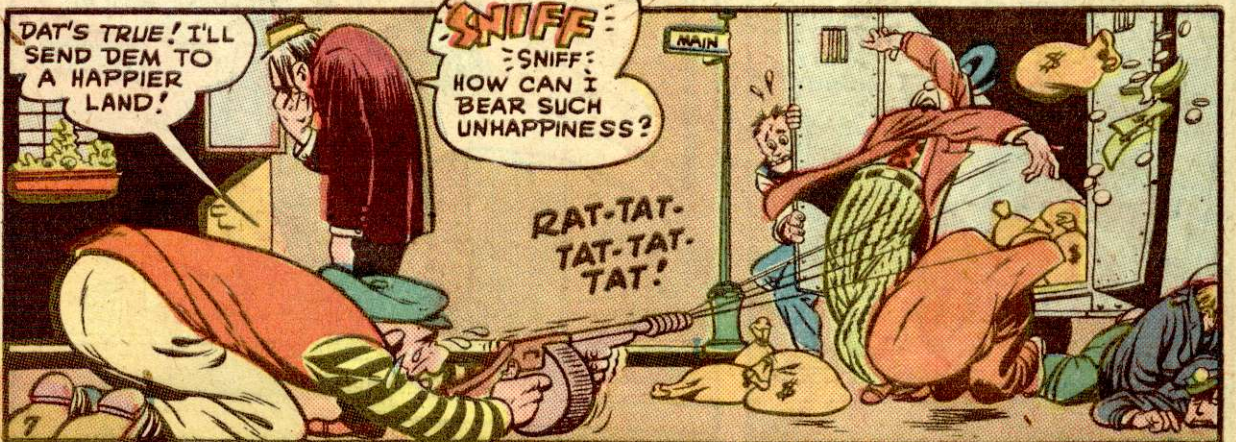
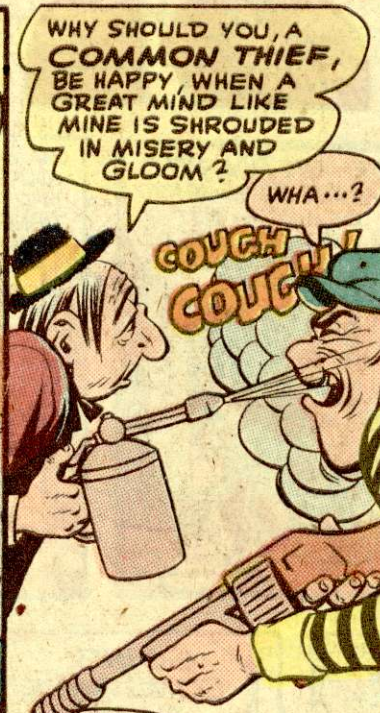
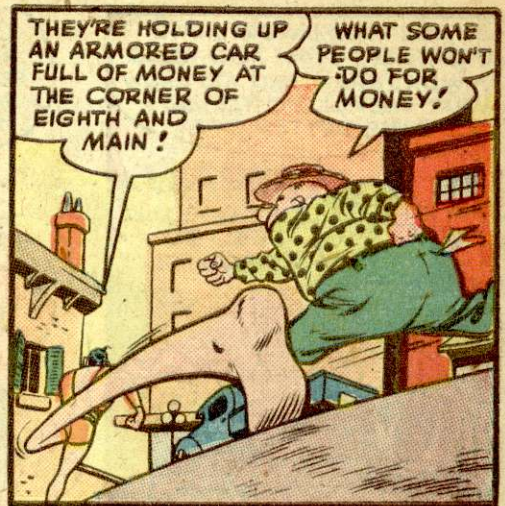
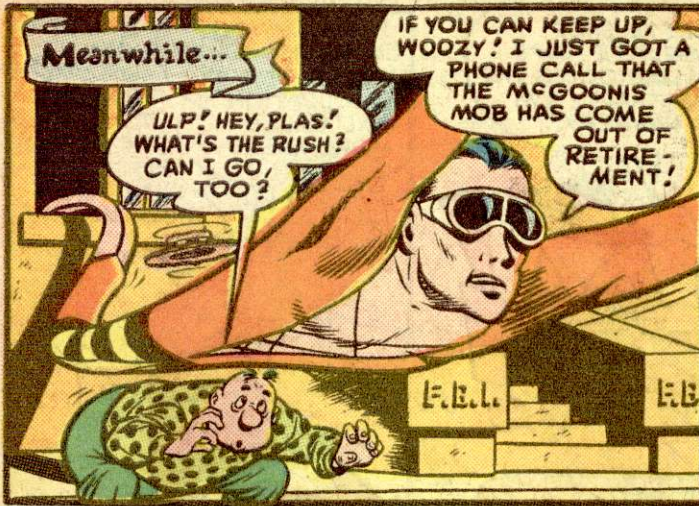
THERE'S NO SENSE IN GOING ON WITH THIS STORY UNTIL YOU KNOW HOW IT ALL BEGAN...

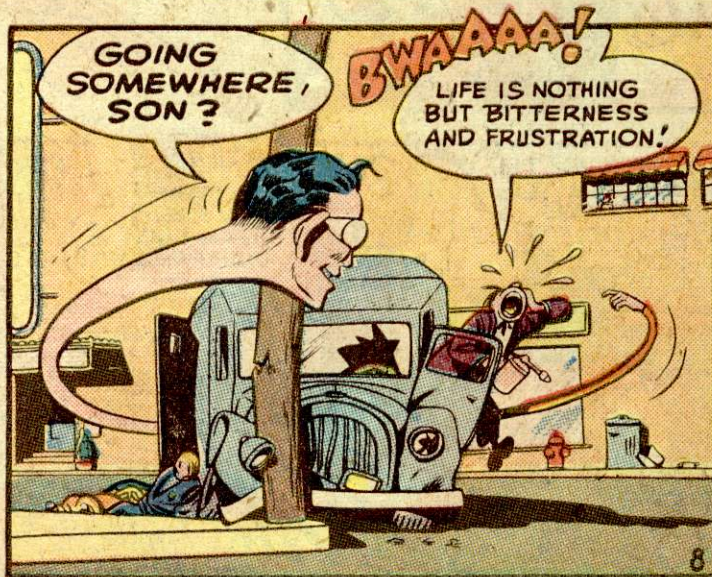
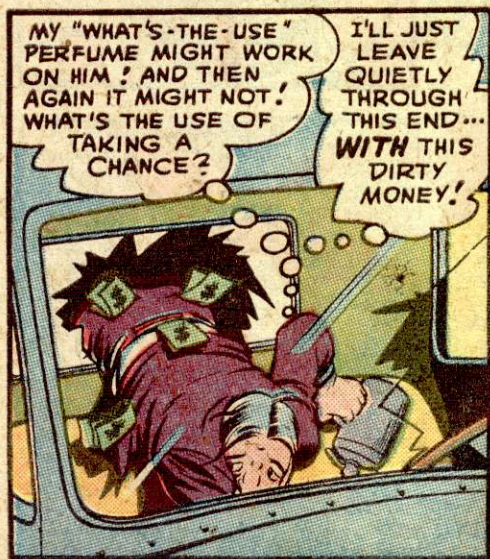
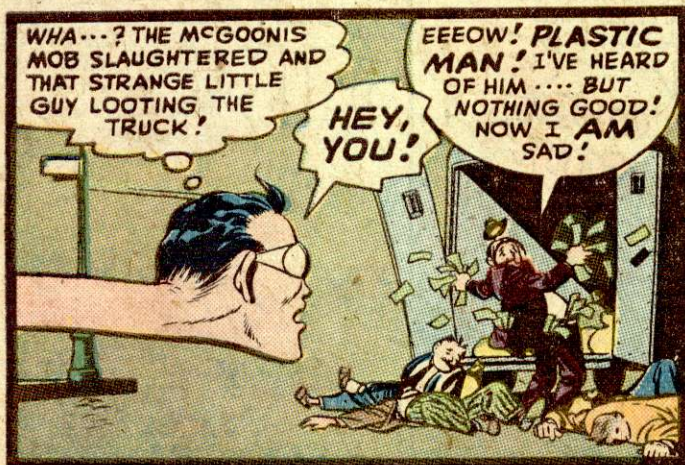
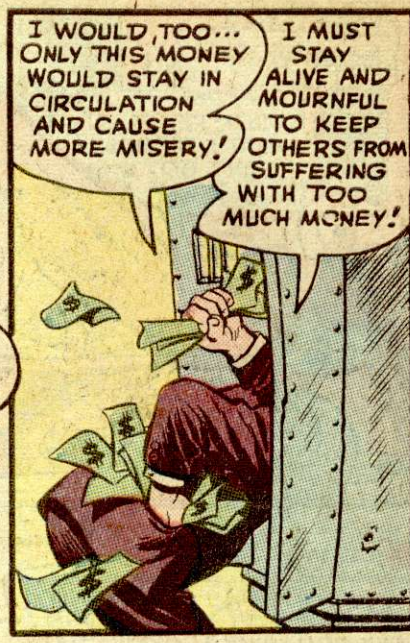


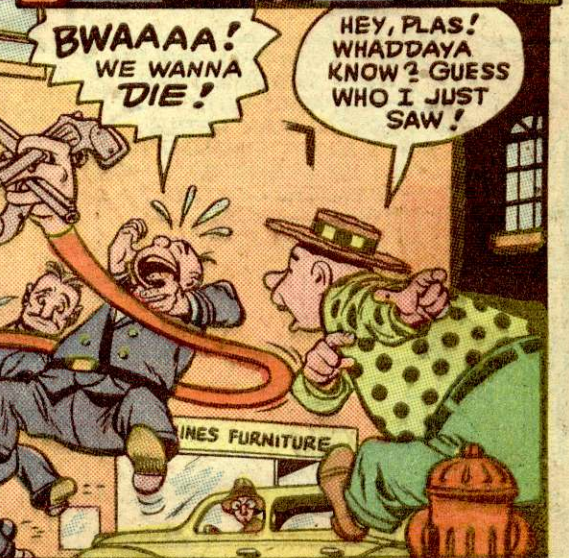
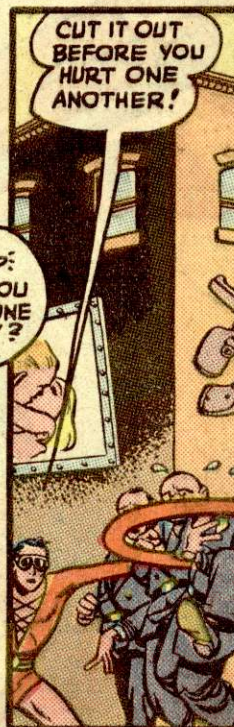
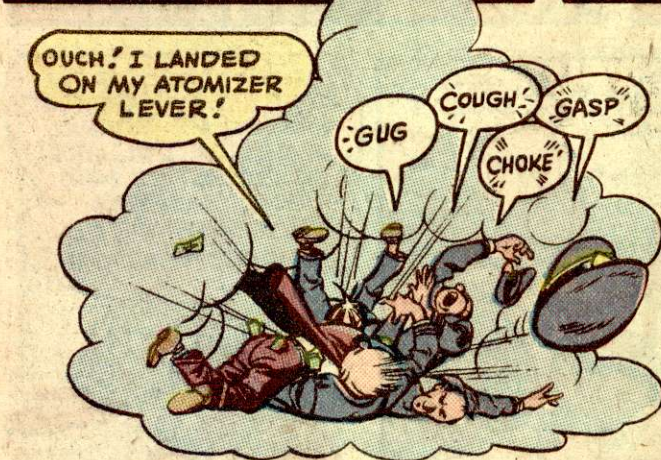


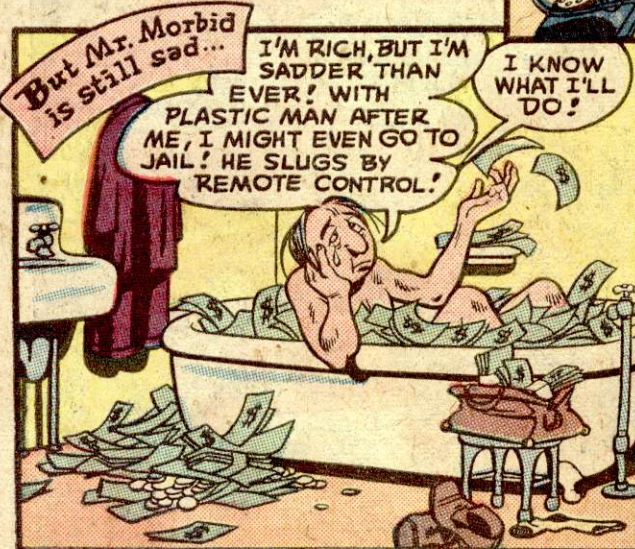
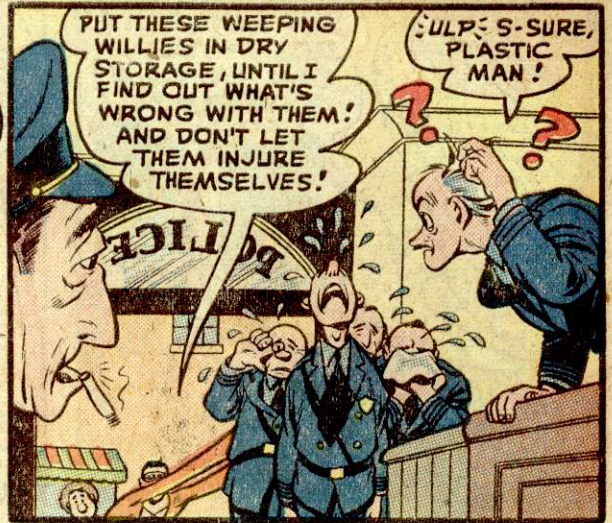
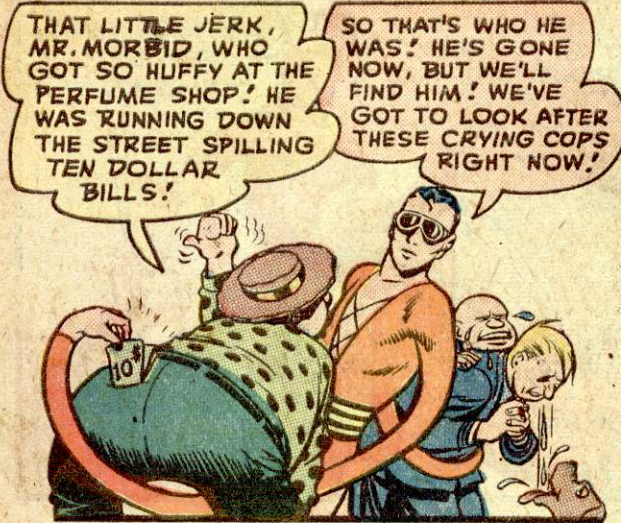


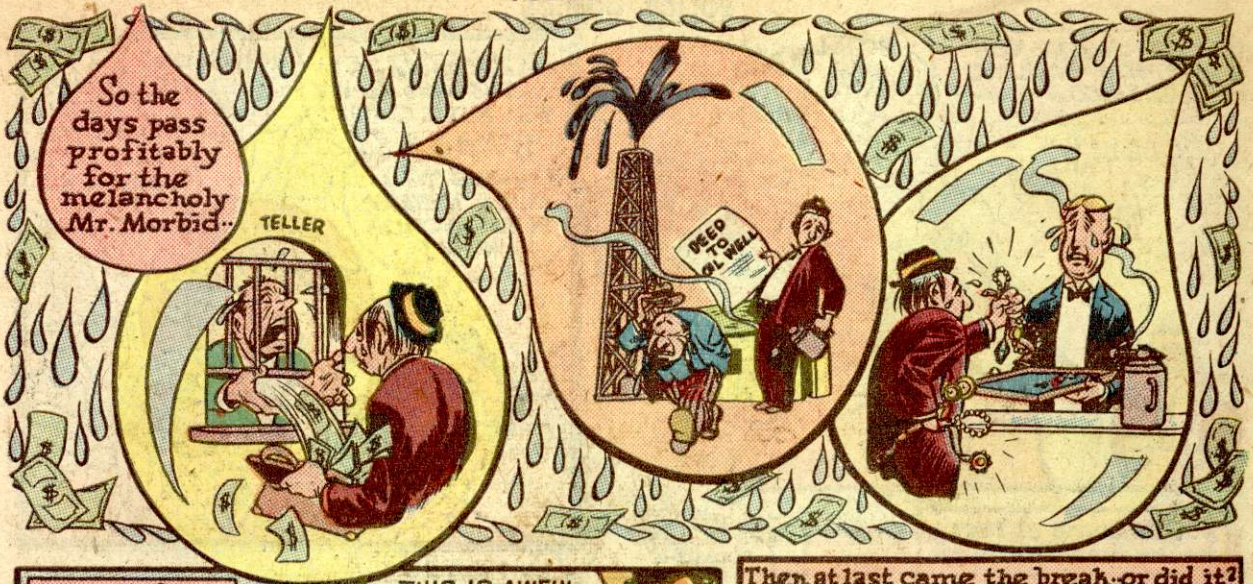


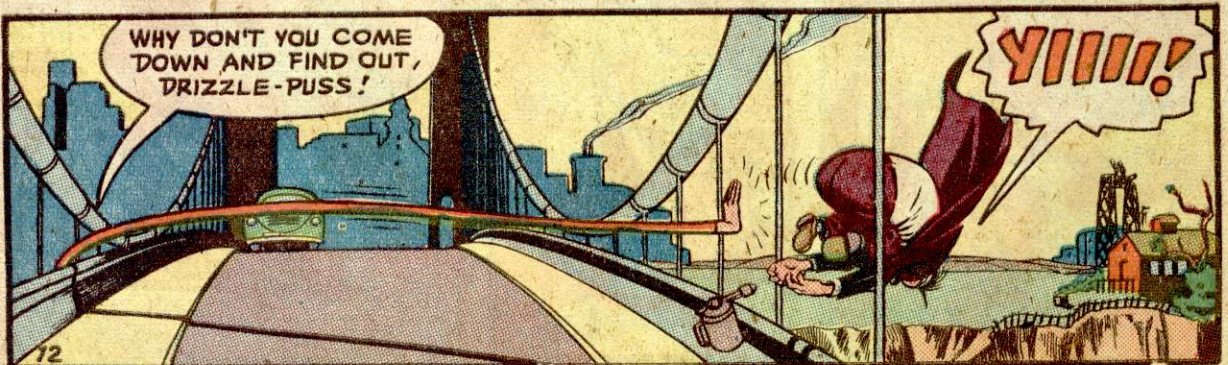
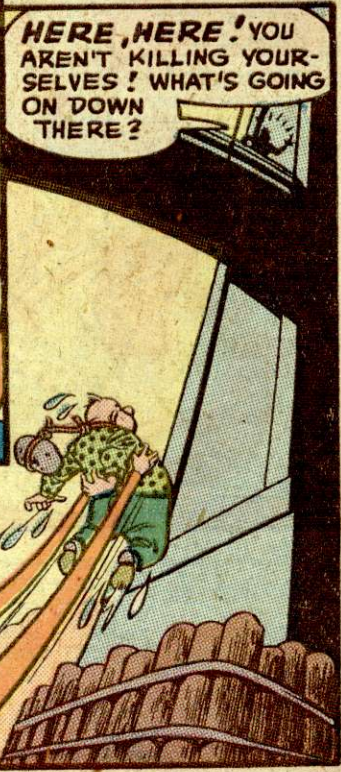
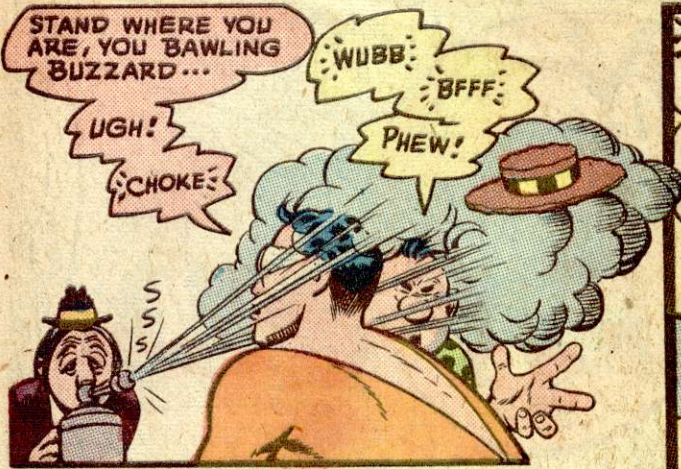


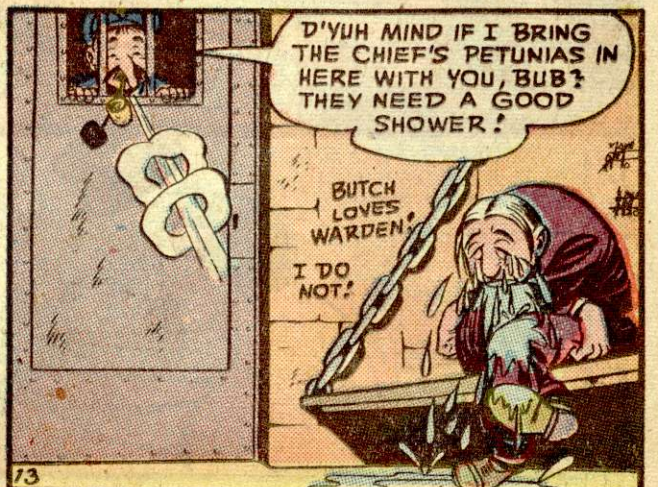
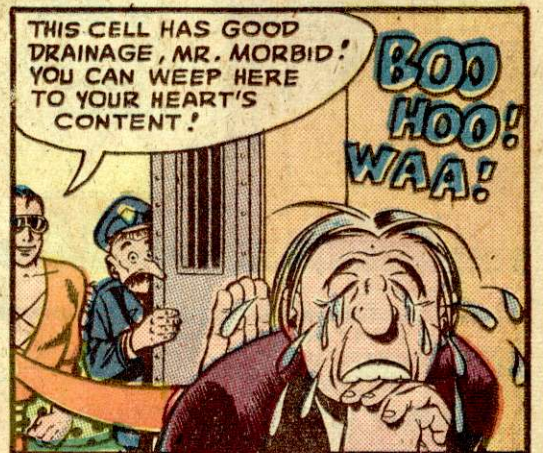


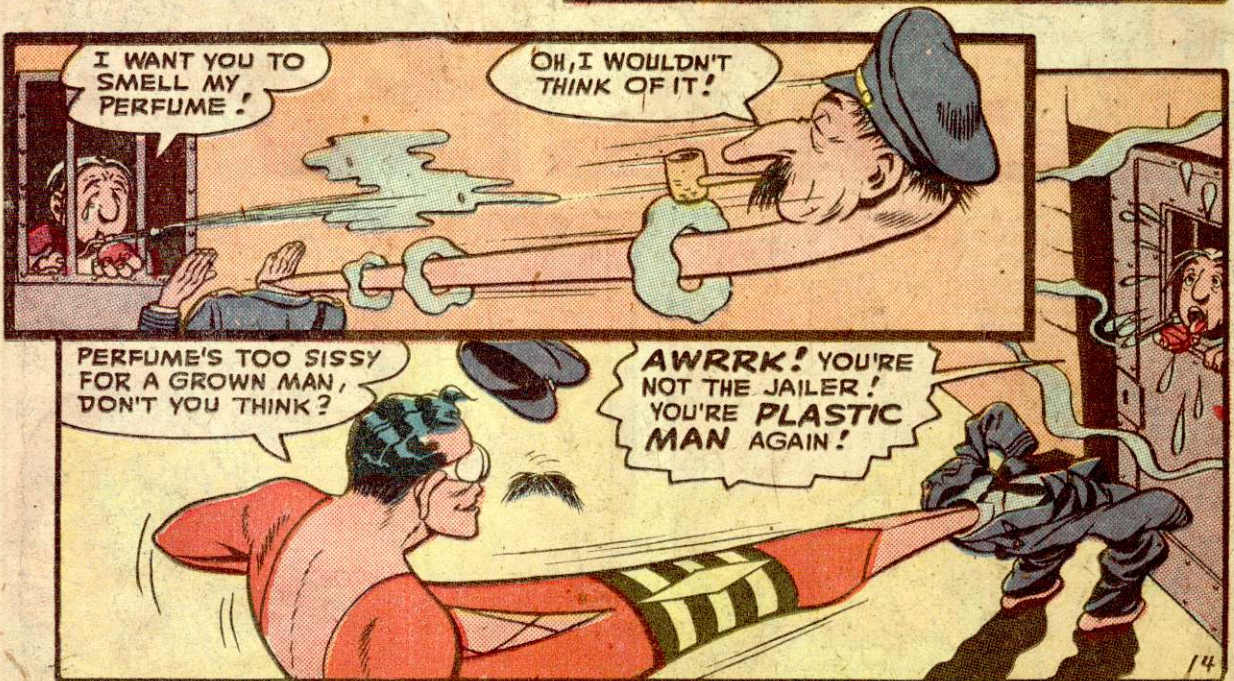
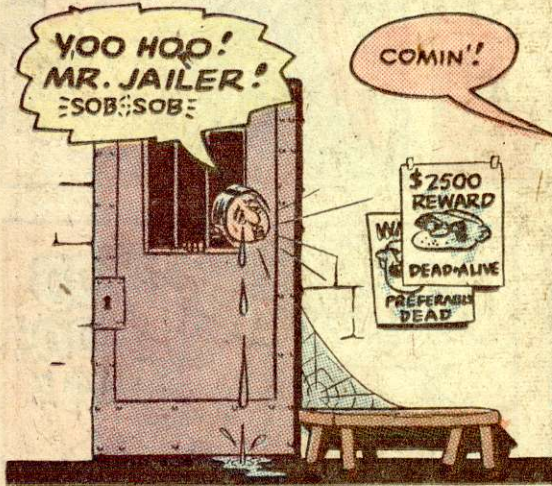
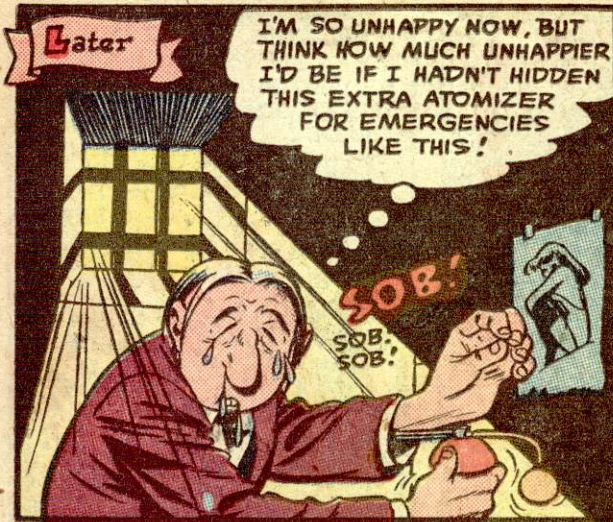


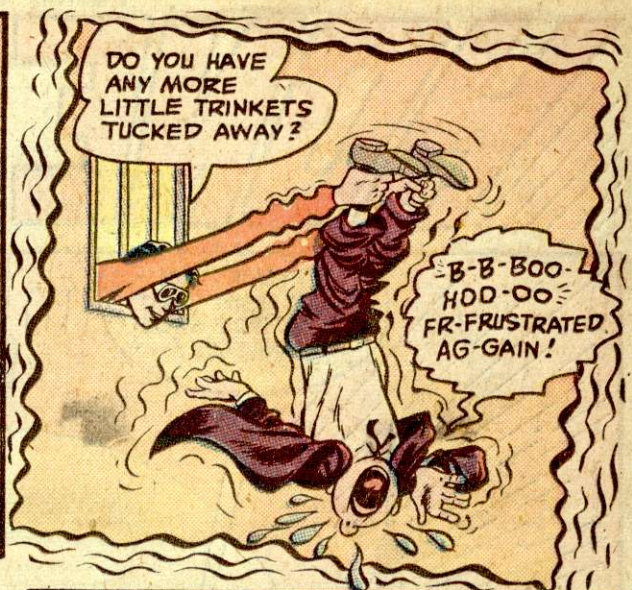
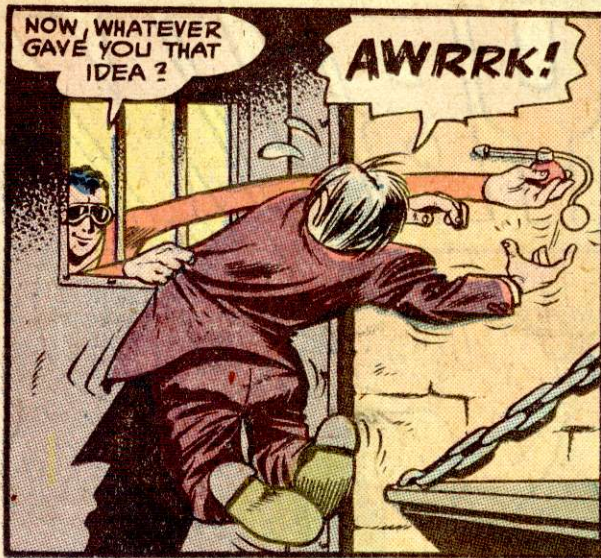




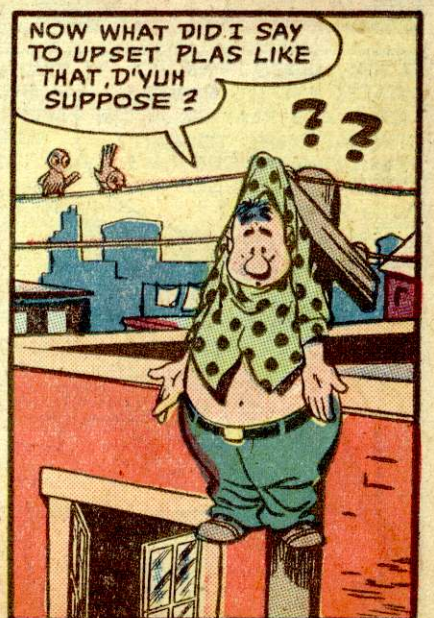
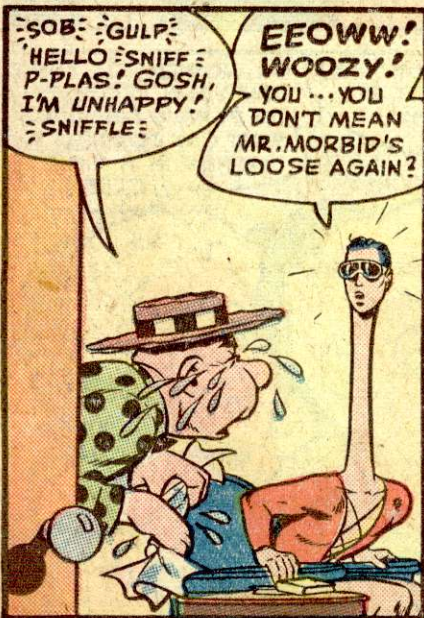




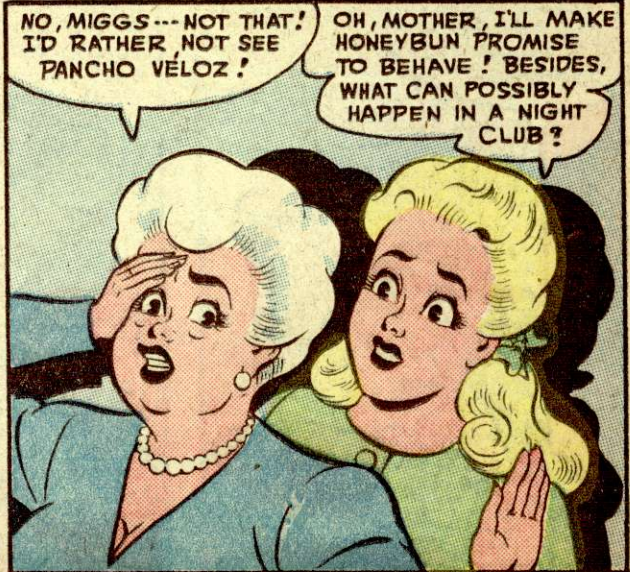
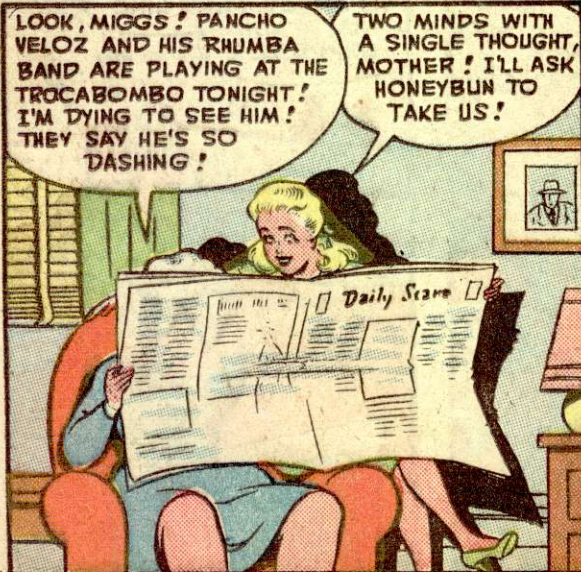
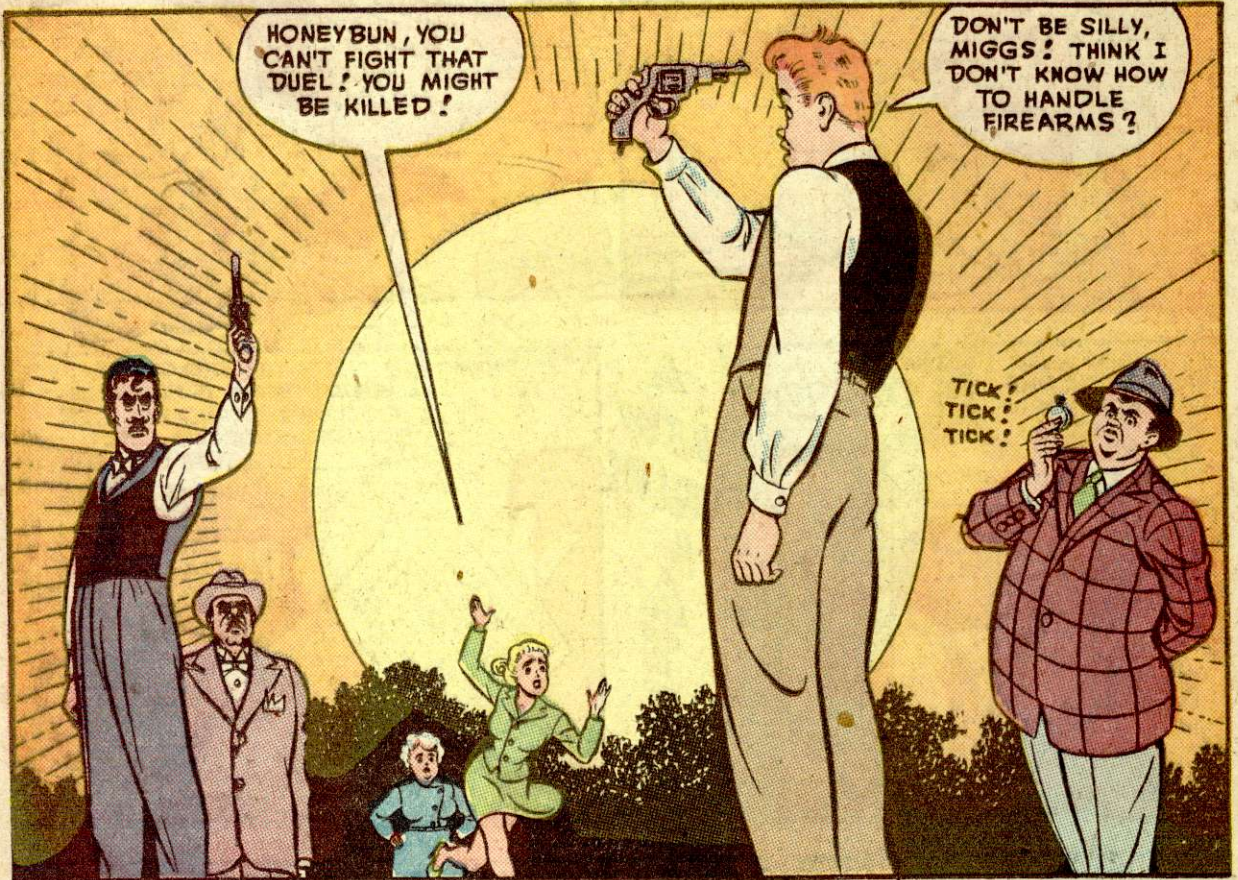


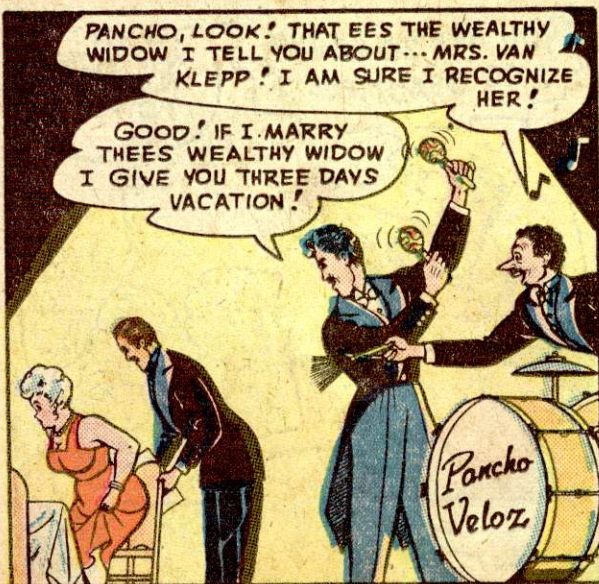
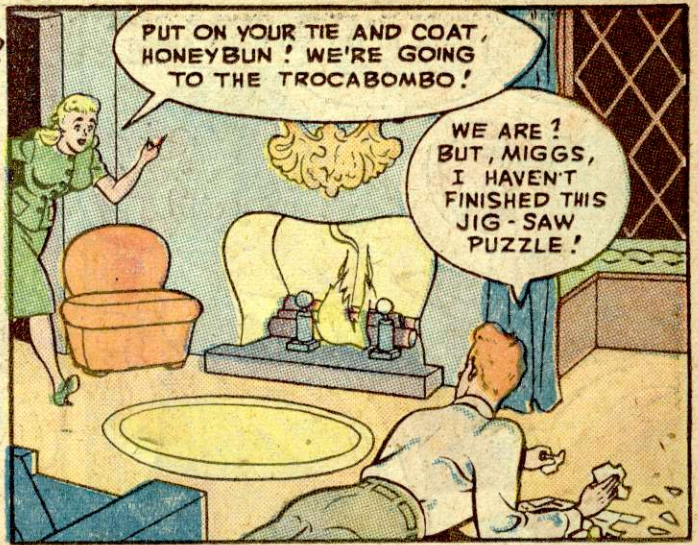


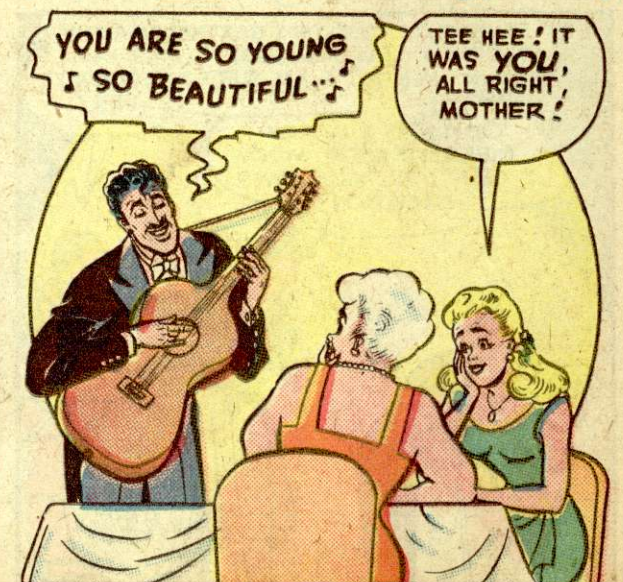
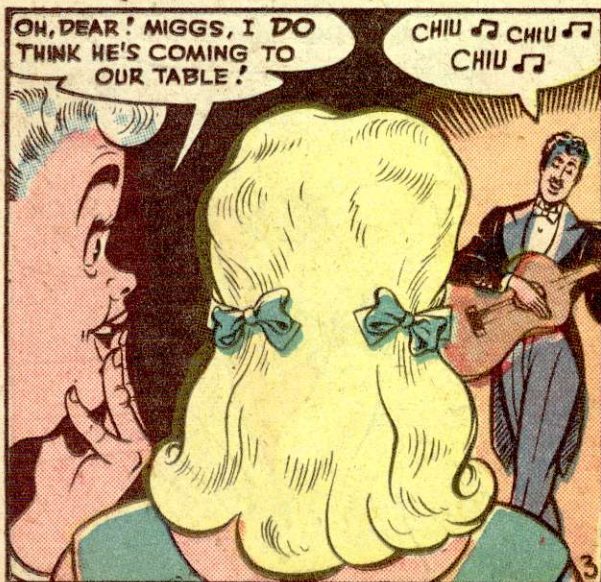
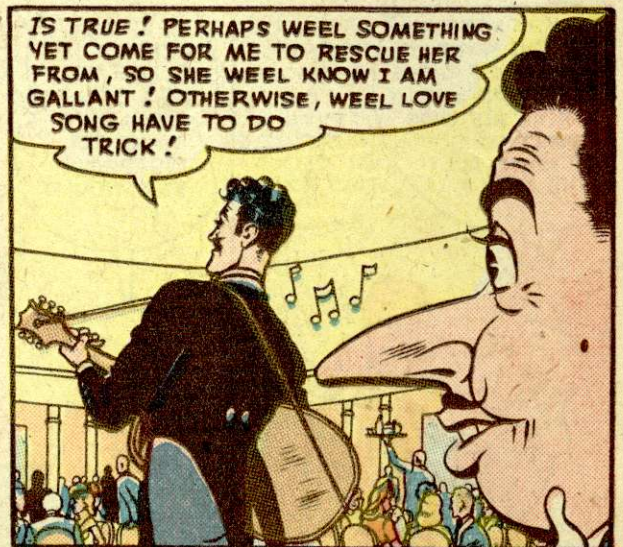
A
FEW
WEEKS
LATER



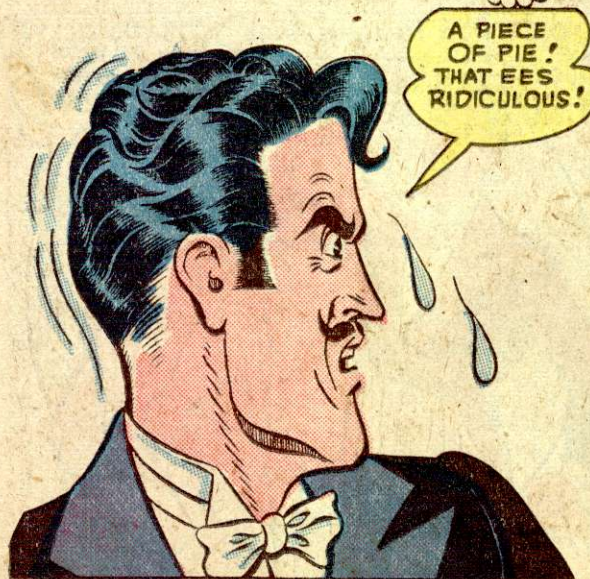
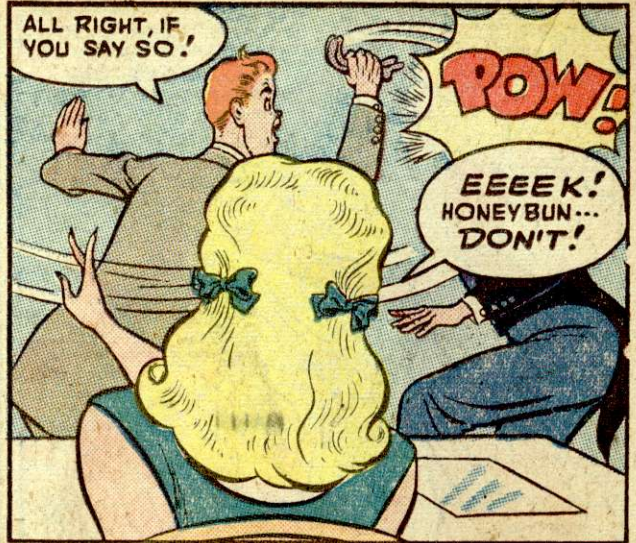
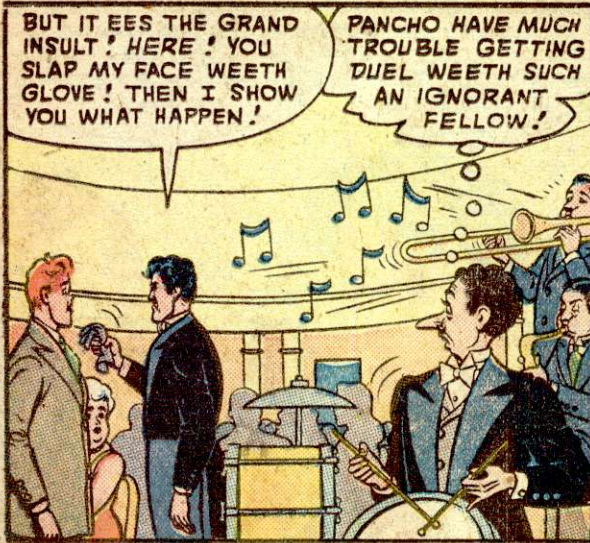
HONEYBUN

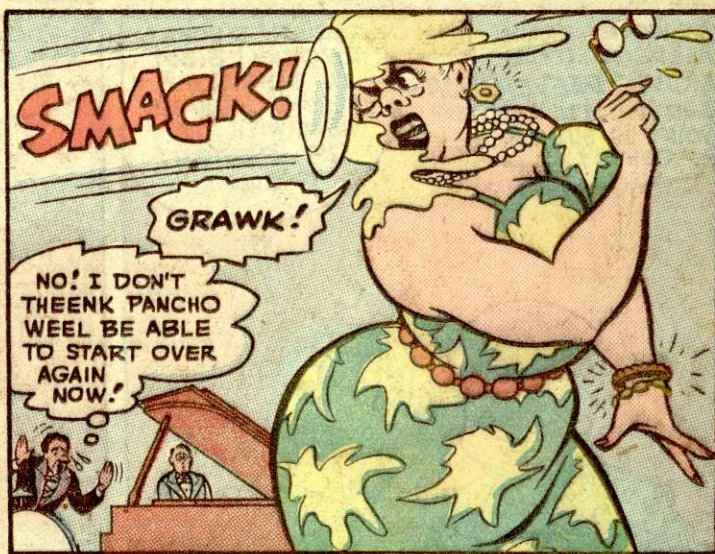
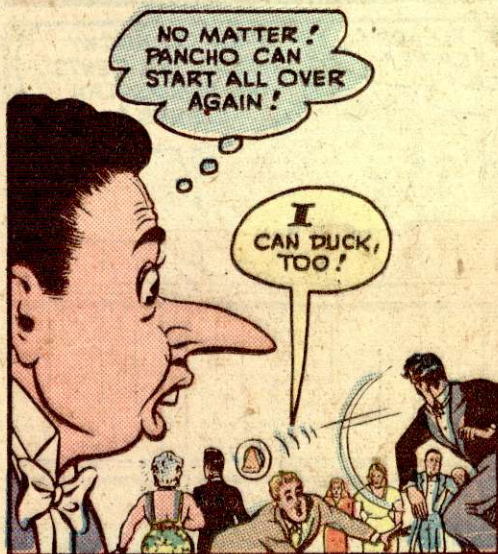












SPECKS

HEY, KNUCKLEHEAD!

G-GULP!

G-GULP! OH, H-HELLO, ROCKY, OLD PAL! GLAD T-TO S-SEE YOU, OL' SOCK! G-GULP!

DE FEELIN'S MUTUAL, KNUCKLEHEAD! I HAVE SOME GOOD NOOSES FOR YUH, POWDER-HEAD!

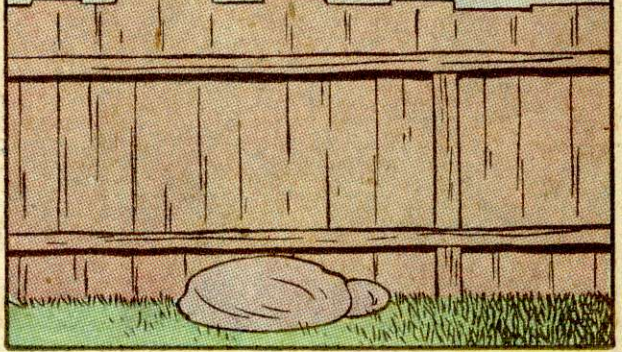
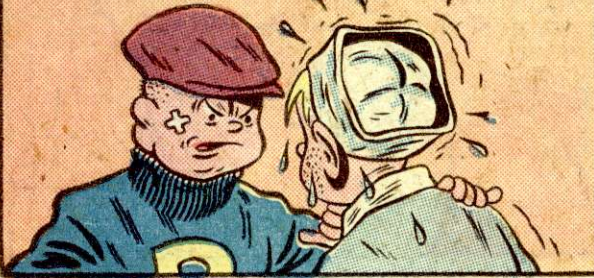
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

ME WEARY BRAIN NEEDS A LITTLE **MOVIE DEEVERSION...** AND ALL IT'LL COSTED YOUSE IS BUT TEN CENTS!

G-GULP! S-SORRY, R-ROCKY! B-BUT I'M B-BROKE! ALL ME CABBAGE WENT WITH THE '29 **CRASH!** G-GULP!

R-ROCKY! PLEASE! HAVE A HEART! PLEASE!

WHEN OL' ROCKY NEEDS TEN CENTS, HE NEEDS TEN CENTS!

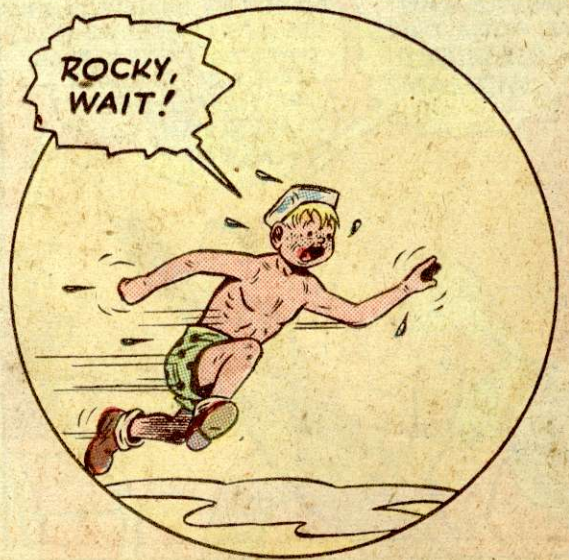


DESE CLOTHES OF YOURS SHOULD GET ME TEN CENTS AT THE **JUNK DEALER'S!**

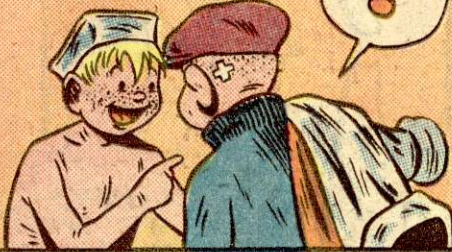
!



ROCKY, WAIT!



ROCKY, YOU WON'T HAVE TUH SELL ME CLOTHES, AFTER ALL! I JUST GOT A **PIPPEROO** OF AN IDEAR HOW YOU CAN GET INTO THE MOVIES FOR **FREE!** JUST WALK UP TO THE MANAGER AND TELL HIM YOU WANT TO GO IN AFTER YOUR KID BROTHER TO BRING HIM HOME! YUH CAN'T MISS! IT ALWAYS WORKED FOR ME!



SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEAR, KNUCKLEHEAD! I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE! IN THE MEANTIME...I'LL HANG ON TO YER CLOTHES JUST IN CASE IT DO NOT WORK! I'LL BE SEEIN' YUH, KNUCKLEHEAD!

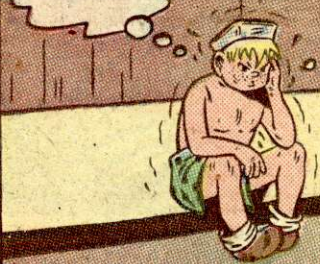
G-GULP!



Late that night

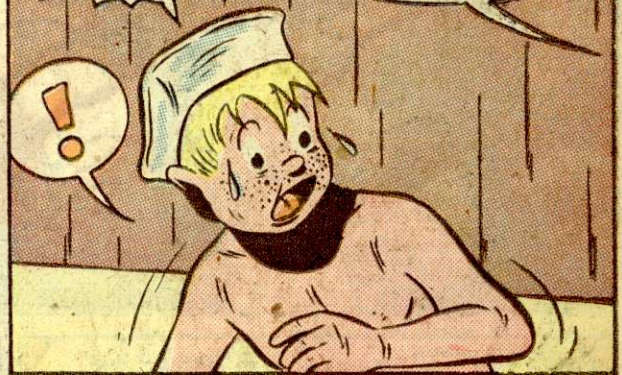
ME AN' LADY GODIVA!

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME ROCKY HAS GONE AN' BUTCHERED UP ME IDEAR, BUT GOOD! *Oh #**!?!?*



R-ROCKY! THANK HEAV....

HIYA, KNUCKLEHEAD!



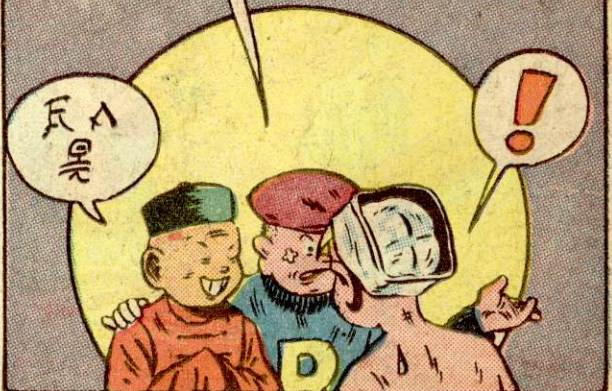
I WOULD'VE BEEN HERE SOONER WID YOUR CLOTHES, KNUCKLEHEAD, BUT I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE WID DE MANAGER, LEAVIN' DE TEEATER...

?

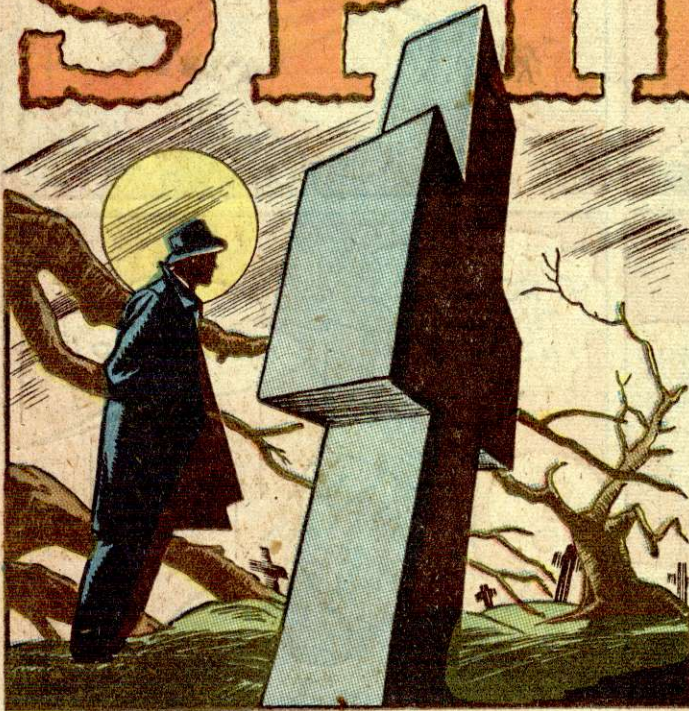


...CONVIN' HIM DAT CHARLEY CHOP-CHOP HERE, WAS ME KID BRUDDER!

天
是



THE SPIRIT



Then, on the streets of Central City...

WHY'N'CHA LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'? WHO DO YA THINK YA ARE?

I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA!

YOU ACT LIKE THE CHAMPION CHUMP OF CENTRAL CITY!

CENTRAL CITY?... WHERE'S THAT?

COME ALONG TO THE STATION! WE'LL SOON LEARN WHAT'S WHAT!

I WISH WE COULD!

THAT'S RIGHT, SARGE! HE ACTS LIKE A ZOMBIE! CAN'T EVEN TELL ME HIS NAME!

I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE! COME ON, GIVE WITH THE VITAL STATISTICS!

I'M SORRY! I REMEMBER NOTHING! I FOUND MYSELF WALKING THROUGH A GRAVEYARD -- SAW THE CITY AND HEADED THAT WAY!...

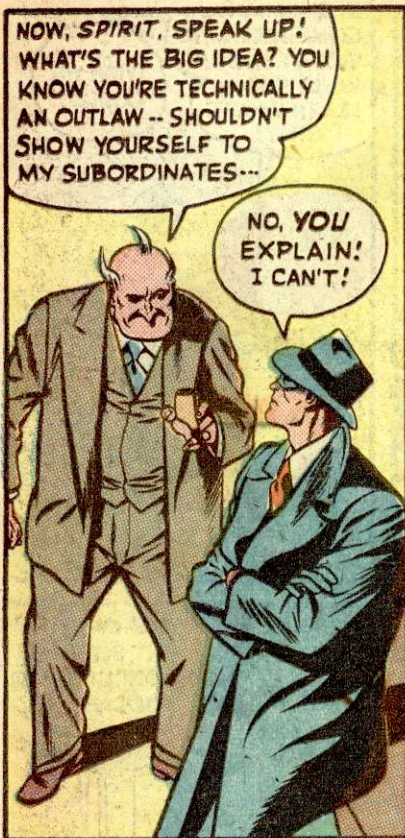
THIS CASE MIGHT INTEREST YOU, COMMISSIONER DOLAN!

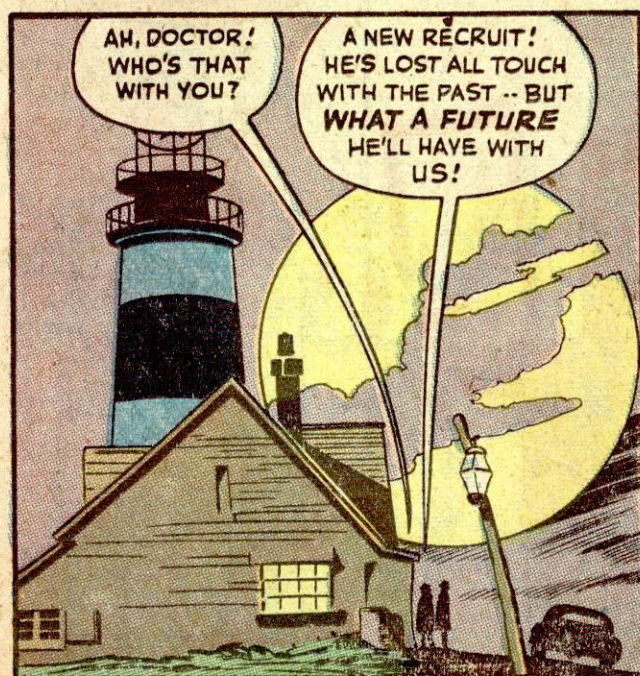
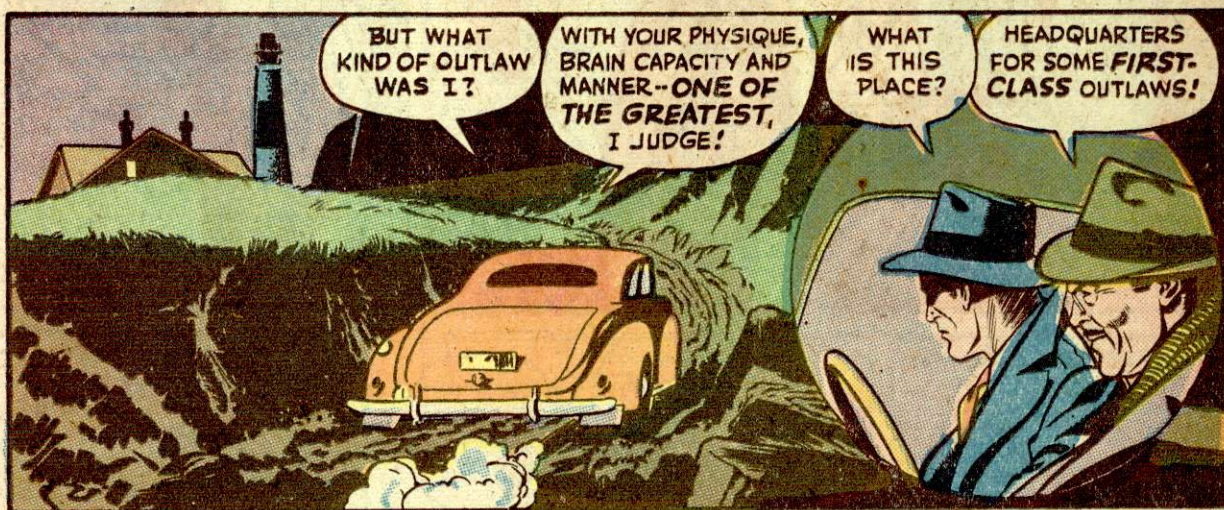
YOU ACT AS THOUGH YOU KNEW HIM WELL, COMMISSIONER!

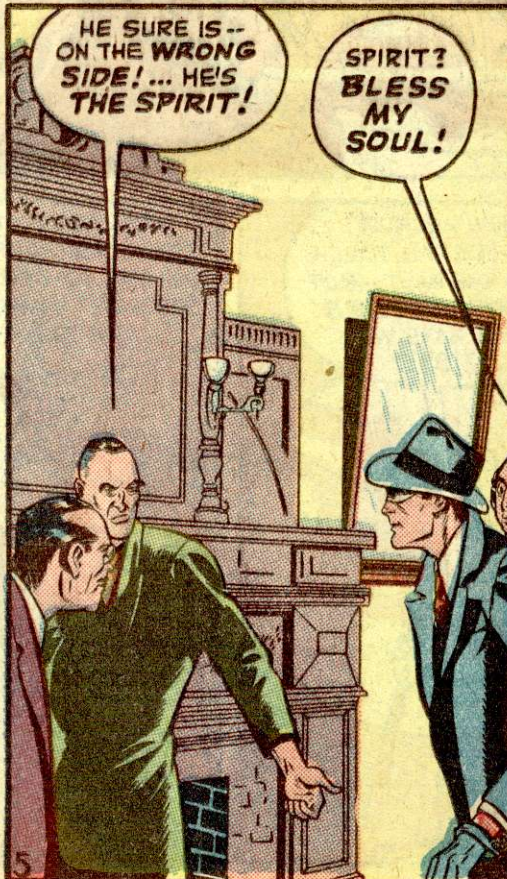
KNOW ME? IMPOSSIBLE! I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN ALL MY LIFE!

I'LL TAKE CHARGE! COME INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE, YOU!

PRIVATE OFFICE? YOU HAVE A PRIVATE OFFICE? WHO ARE YOU?



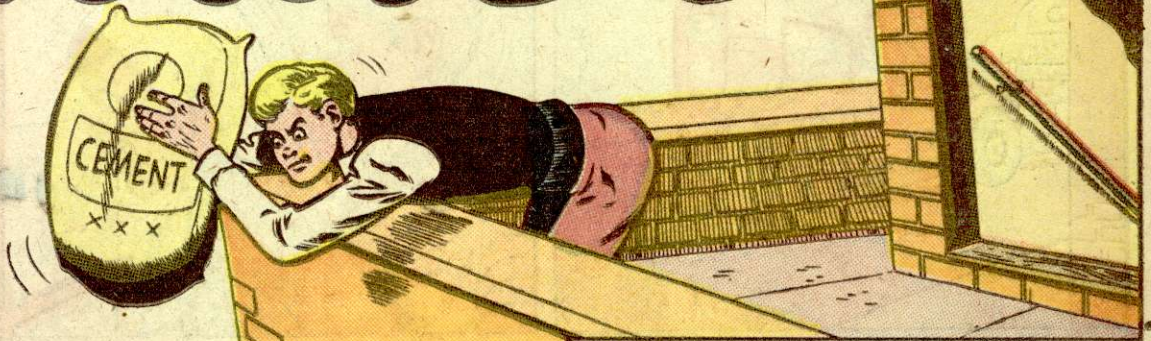






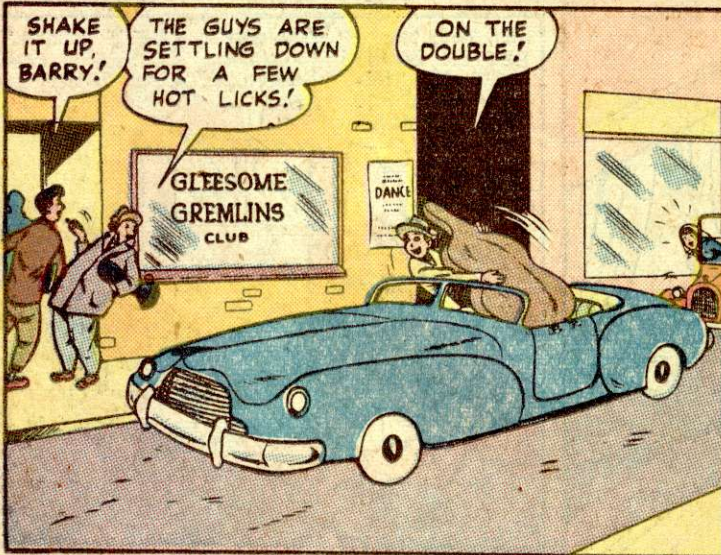
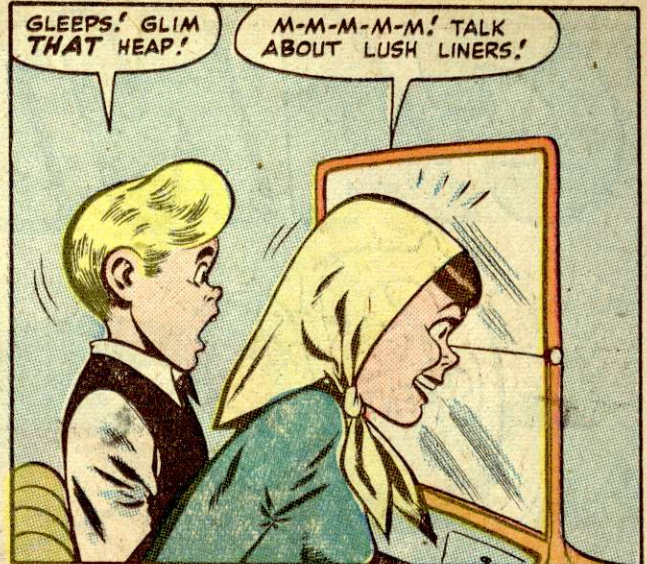
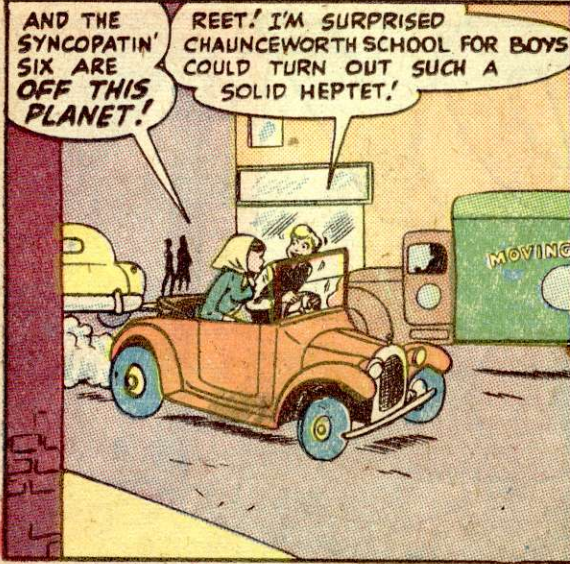


CANDY

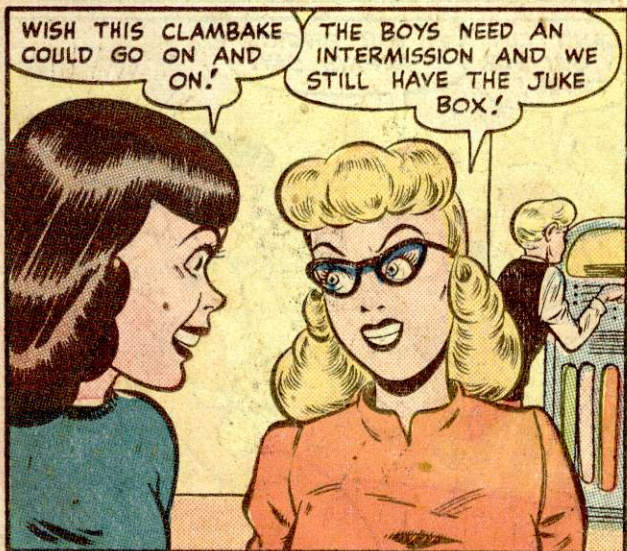


♪ ♪
YOU ARE MY
SENTIMENTAL
LOVE... ♪
Z

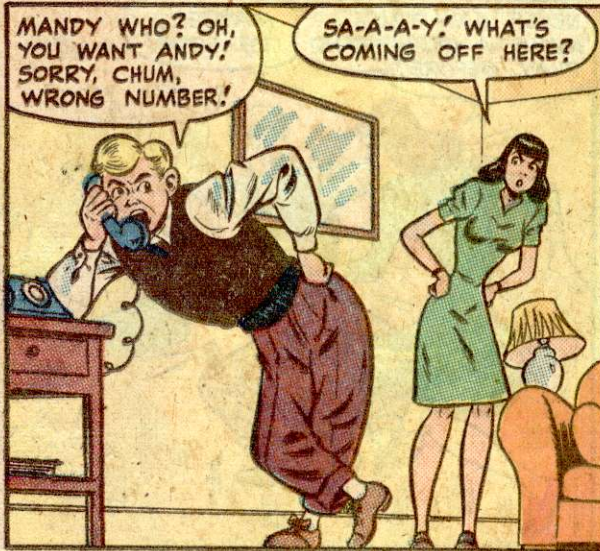
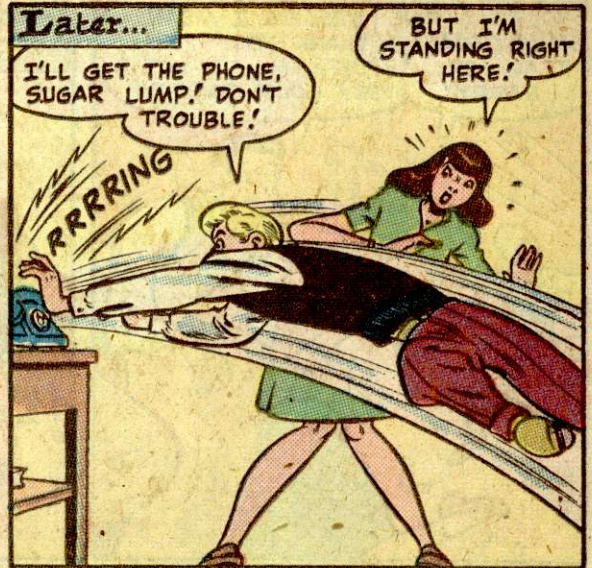


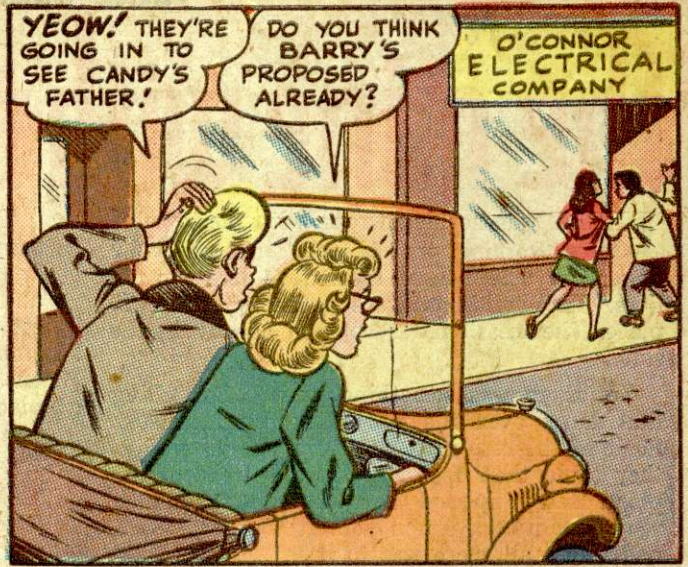
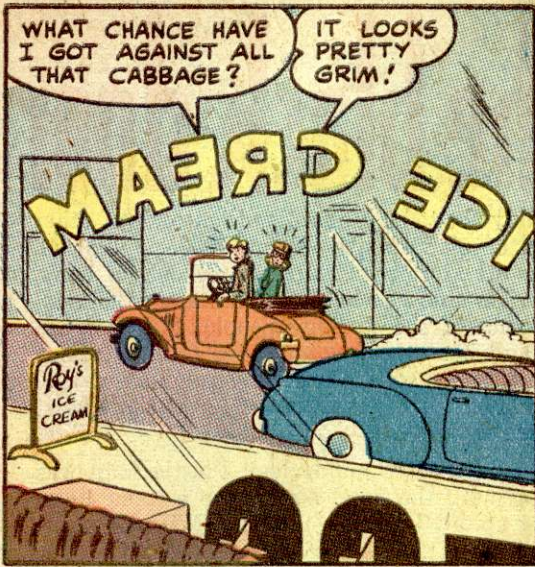












The mine with the black door

THERE was nothing wrong with the town of Gates. Nothing, that is, you could put your finger on. The people seemed to live normal lives. The buildings were ordinary, commonplace. The location was as good as any in the state.

Yet there was something wrong. Something that hung over the town, brooding, sinister. Some of the residents, while masking as well as they could their feelings, felt the dread of the place. Had you asked them what was the matter they couldn't have told you. It was just there, and that's all there was to it.

"Me, I like this town," said Woozy as he and Plastic Man strolled along the main street. "If I was back in the old rackets, I could make me a killing here; people all seem to be dozing."

Plastic Man nodded. "Yes, I have that same feeling about them, Woozy . . . I suppose you were thinking of the old pickpocket days, eh?"

Woozy grinned. "Don't rub it in, boss. I ain't done a dip job in years—not since I've been workin' with the FBI—and you."

Woozy liked to think he was just as important in the scheme of things as Plastic Man, who did work for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"You an' me is pals, Plas," was the way Woozy put it. And the combination had worked out well. Woozy often came in handy on jobs.

"Keep your eyes open," said Plastic Man as they turned in at their hotel. "Something is cooking here, or I'm a dutch uncle, which I'm not."

Woozy looked quickly at the rubber man. "Ya mean mebbe there's a crime comin' up, Plas?"

Plastic Man shrugged. "How should I know? I just mean be on the alert for anything."

Woozy wasn't satisfied. "Just what are we here for, Plas? I mean, are we on an official job?"

Plastic Man shook his head. "Not exactly. We're just looking around . . . and that's all I can tell you, Woozy."

Few persons know the history of Gates. Few even in the town, to hear them talk. It was founded by Burke Leery, who stumbled upon a rich coal vein back in 1857. He opened a shaft and worked the mine for a time, then it was closed and nobody ever heard of Leery again.

Today the town is just like thousands of other towns of similar size—about 3000 population. It has its stores, its churches, schools, a bank, and a few fine homes scattered among the modest homes of the working people. It is a truck stop and has a half dozen large filling stations on the main street; also several fair eating places. Most of the residents cater to the tourist and truck trade.

Two days after his arrival, Plastic Man was talking with the hotel clerk, who seemed to be highly agitated about something. Without seeming to pry, the rubber man asked him what was wrong.

"Oh, nothing, sir, nothing at all. Only, I may be leaving soon—for your town." His face colored.

Plastic Man chuckled. "Ah, getting married, eh? Well, accept my felicitations!"

The pinkish color in the boy's face changed to pale green. "Oh, I don't mean that, sir. I mean I'm just—leaving if I can," he muttered half under his breath.

Well, people were always leaving small towns for the big cities. Better opportunities. Plastic Man said as much.

"But you see, I don't want—I guess you wouldn't understand, sir. . . If you'll pardon me I'll get along now. Have some work."

Plastic Man rubbed his jaw and looked at the clerk's back disappearing through an inner door. Oh, well, if the guy wanted to be mysterious—

The next morning the young clerk was gone. There was a new face behind the desk. Plastic Man asked if there was any mail.

"Nothing this morning, sir," said the new clerk.

"Oh, by the way, I understand your other clerk has left town. Too bad. Nice kid. Head out for the big city?"

The clerk looked at Plastic Man, and a small shadow flitted across his face. He was a much older man. Then he said, "I really don't know anything about the recent clerk, sir."

Things were getting pretty thick, thought Plastic Man. And he decided to keep his mouth shut.

Woozy came into the hotel room a few minutes after Plastic Man had gone there to rest up. Woozy looked agitated.

POLICE COMICS

"What do you know, Plas," he said.

"What?"

"That mechanic we had working on the car—that nice blond kid, remember?—He's shoved off for parts unknown. Now I've got to dig up somebody else."

Plastic Man felt a little quiver. "Where did he go?"

Woozy spread his pudgy hands. "Dunno, boss. Manager just told me he'd up and gone. Suppose I can find someone else to finish the job."

Had Plastic Man known where those two had gone, he'd have sat up quickly!

It was that night while strolling past the town's ancient old bank building that Plastic Man got a shock, and his first proof that all was not well in Gates. As he passed the door, he heard a scream. It was quickly cut off. But it had come from inside the bank. Plastic Man forced the door.

A dim light showed a plain interior. There was nobody there. The person who had screamed was gone. Only a candle guttered on the counter of a cashier's cage in the rear. Plastic Man was about to turn and leave when he noticed that the candle flame was being sucked toward the back wall.

"Can't be a door there," he said to himself. He walked toward the back. He could see no door. But the flames still pulled in that direction. "Funny," said Plas.

When he was in front of the wall, he saw that the flames suddenly regained their upright position. This was still more strange. There had been a definite draft pulling from the rear of the building.

Carefully, Plastic Man edged around the cashier's cages. At first he saw nothing unusual. There was no opening. The walls were paneled in old oak. It was gloomy back there. Then he thought he heard a hollow sound. He held his ear against one of the panels.

Yes, a thudding sound, as if coming from a great distance. He pushed against the panel. It was solid. He tried them all. Then he saw a tiny bit of cloth caught in the crack between the panel and its molding. That panel had been open!

Plastic Man left the bank, rounded up Woozy, and together they returned. This time with tools. It didn't take Plastic Man long to insert a thin chisel behind the molding and force the panel open. They now faced a dark tunnel. The dampness struck them cold. From afar they heard thudding noises.

"Sounds like a mine," whispered Plas. "I think it is a mine. And now I've got an idea! Come on."

Woozy followed Plastic Man for a mile, then

they came out into a dimly lighted cavern. The sounds of thudding were plain now.

"A mine, all right," said Plas. "And nobody ever heard of it. Darn strange!"

They followed up their lead. And at last came to a shaft from which branched off many drifts. It was a huge mine, going full blast!

Sudden darkness engulfed the two. Then a rush of footsteps and many arms grabbed Plastic Man and Woozy. There was sounds of panting and short grunts.

"Blasted spies!" muttered someone. "Take 'em to the dump. We'll get rid of 'em in a hurry!"

Plas and Woozy were dragged several hundred yards and tossed into a foul-smelling place of blackness.

"Now we're in for it!" wailed Woozy. "Where are we?"

"Quiet," ordered Plas. "We've run onto something big. We're in a mine, like I said. A mine run by slaves!"

"Huh!"

"Those people who have disappeared. They're working in this mine. Who knows how long this thing has been going on? Well, let's try getting out!"

Plas crawled around the room they were in. He came to the door. Feeling all over its surface, he touched a grid, slipped his hand through, then, extending his arm—he could do this with any part of his body—found the outside latch. In a moment they were free. They hurried back along a tunnel and by luck found the panel in the bank wall.

A few hours later a dozen FBI men, heavily armed, raided the ancient mine. They found more than three hundred half-starved men, some of whom had gone almost blind from lack of sunlight. All told the same story:

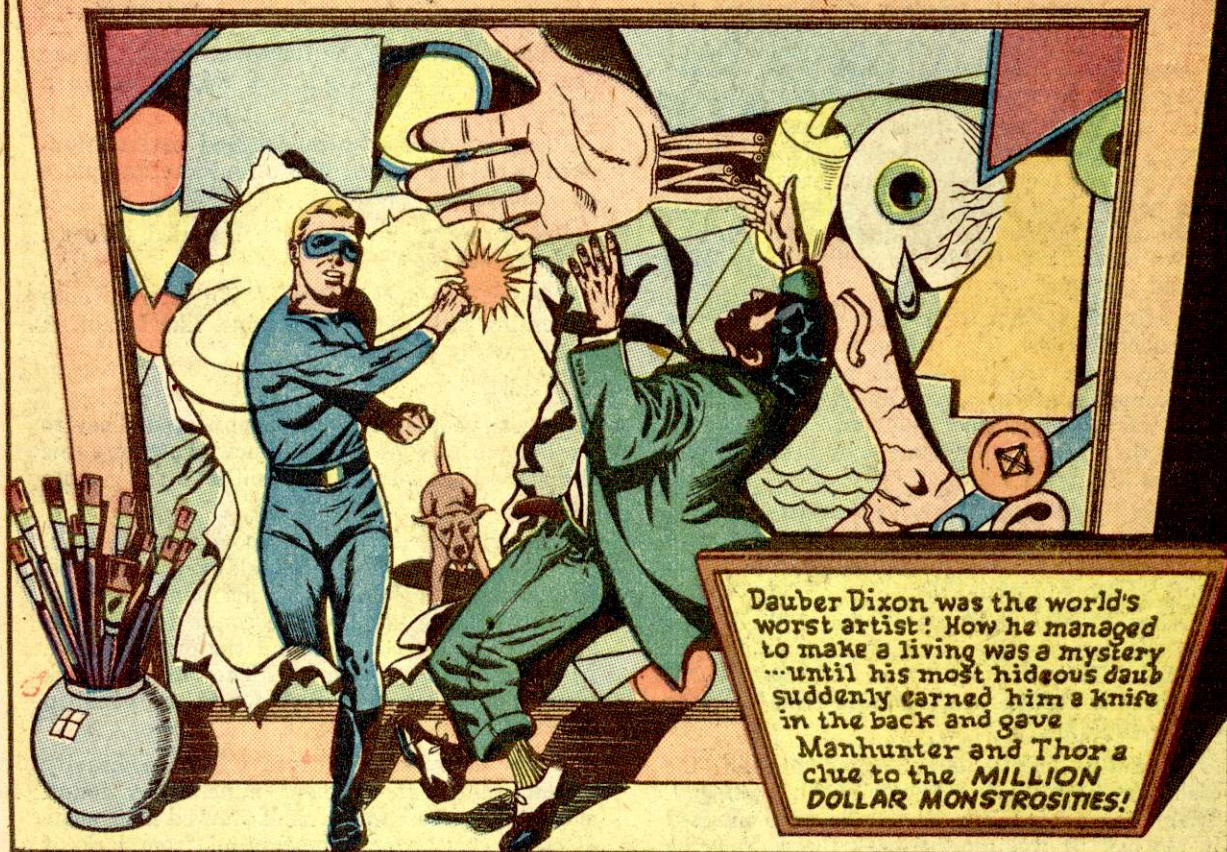
In the old days, Leery opened the mine. He had had a huge family. His descendants had got complete control of the town; many residents were related. They had formed a secret organization and worked the mine with slave labor. No one could leave town, and every young man had to serve his time. There was even a tunnel going to a blind miles away, where the coal was hauled by trains to all parts of the country.

Three hundred human wrecks Plastic Man had found working far below ground. After they were all in hospitals, Plastic Man turned to Woozy.

"Well, that's the strangest case I ever worked on," he said. "I wonder what would have happened to us if my arm hadn't stretched?"

"We'd be workin' without a union card," chuckled Woozy.

MANHUNTER



A look-in at the city art museum is part of Patrolman Dan Richards' beat

WELL, IF IT ISN'T RITZ REGAN, ADMIRING THE OLD MASTERS! OR IS IT THE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR PRICE TAG THAT INTRIGUES YOU?

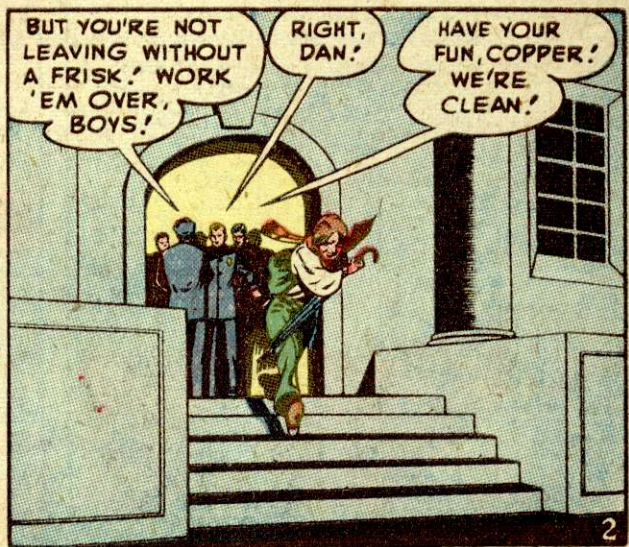
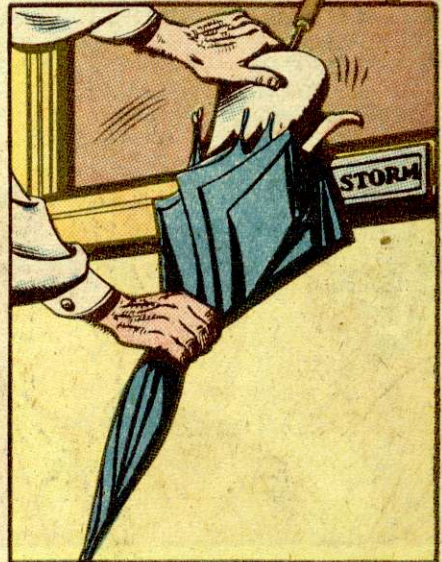
YOUR CRUDE HUMOR BORES ME, COPPER!

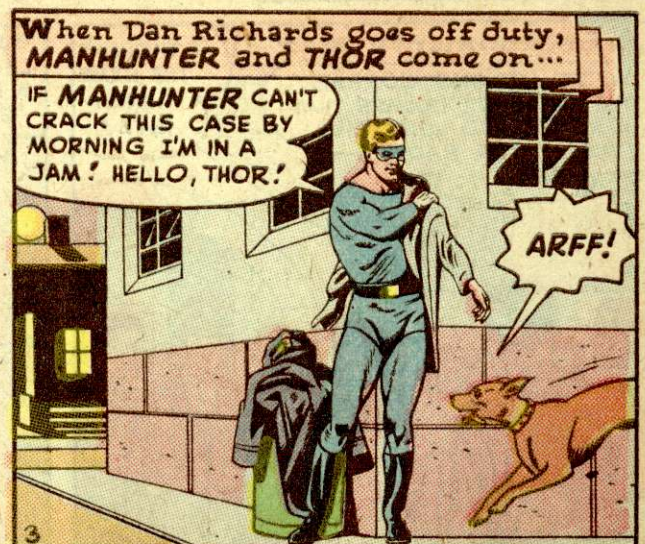


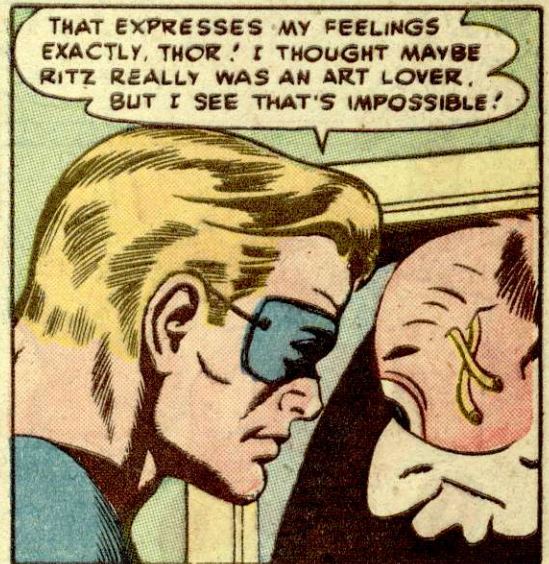
YOUR MAN-ABOUT-TOWN POSE BORES ME! I'VE SEEN YOU IN TOO MANY POLICE LINEUPS! THAT PAINTING, THE STORM, WOULD MAKE A NICE HAUL!

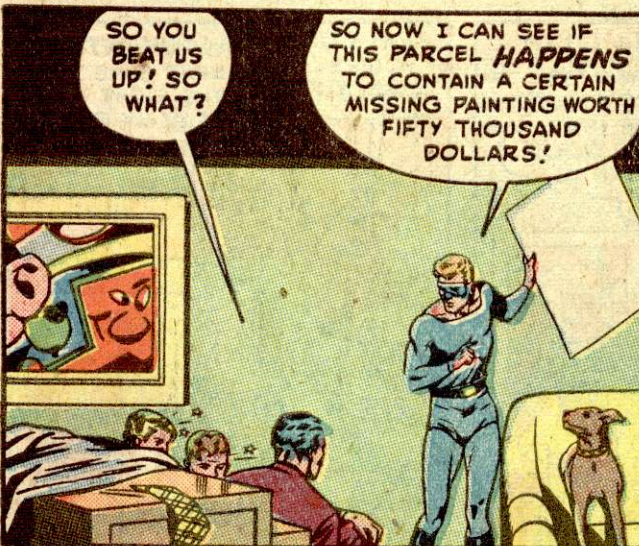
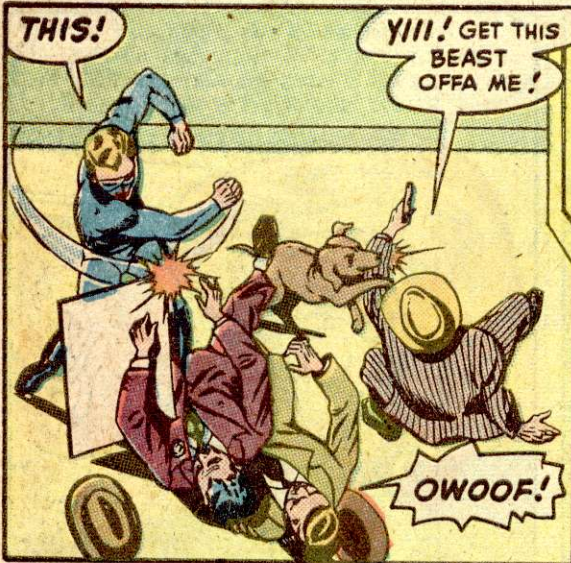
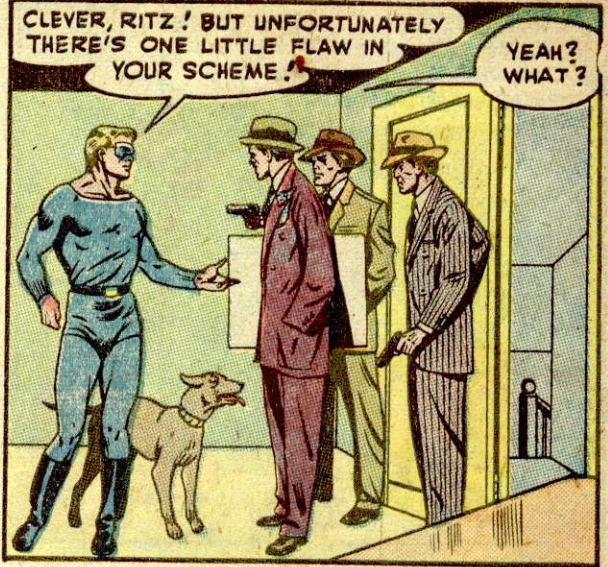
DON'T BE STUPID!











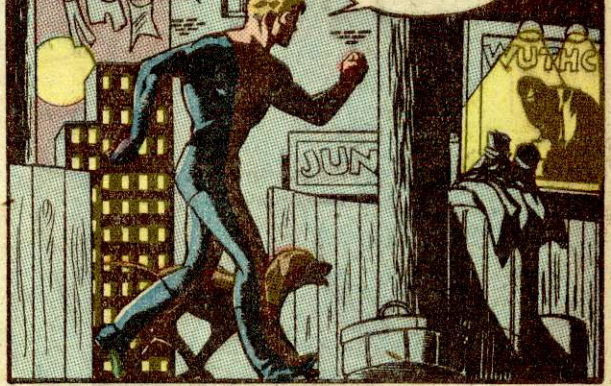
CALLING THAT JUNK ART IS A CRIME ... BUT OUT OF MY LINE ! WE'LL MEET AGAIN, RITZ, WHEN I'VE CRYSTALIZED A FEW SUSPICIONS !

NEVER AGAIN WOULD BE TOO SOON TO SUIT ME, YOU WALKING UNDERWEAR AD !



WE DIDN'T DO SO WELL THAT TIME EITHER, THOR ! I GUESS THIS IS JUST MY DAY TO STICK MY NECK OUT !

HEY, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING ! THE ARTIST ON ALL THOSE DAUBS WAS SOMEONE NAMED DIXON ! I WONDER...



In midtown, Manhunter maintains an elaborate secret headquarters...

DIXON IS WORTH INVESTIGATING ... IF I CAN FIND HIS NAME IN MY FILES ! AH, HERE IT IS !



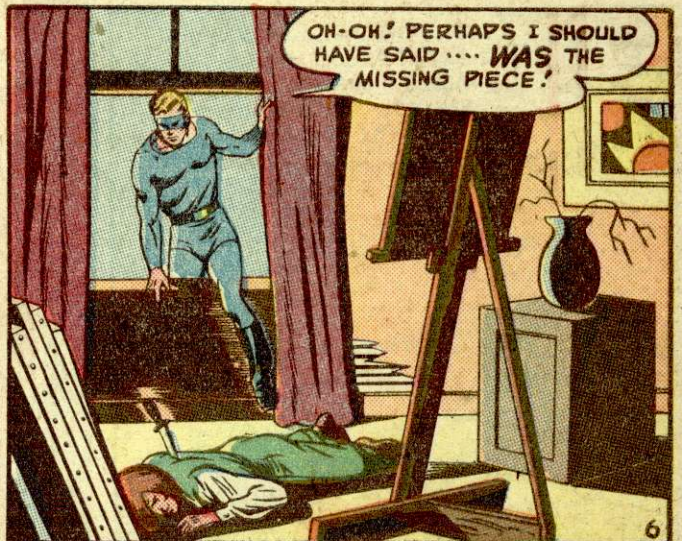
COME ON, THOR ! I JUST REALIZE DAUBER DIXON WAS AT THE MUSEUM TONIGHT, TOO ! HE'S SO COLORLESS, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIS PRESENCE !

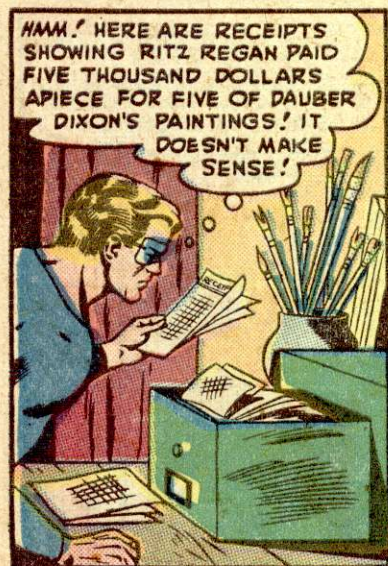
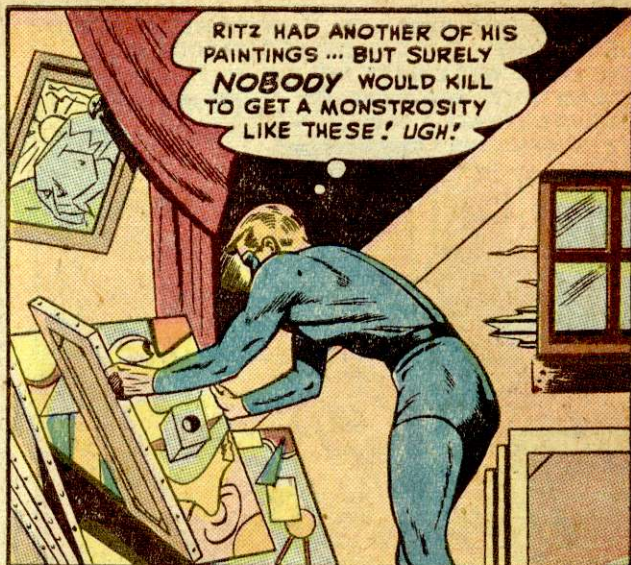
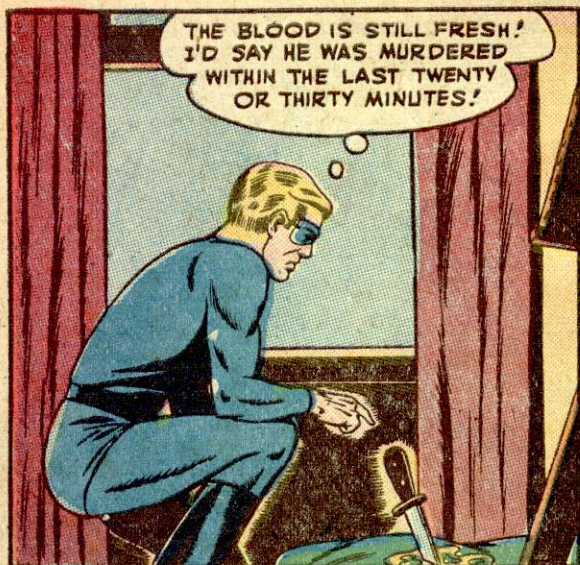


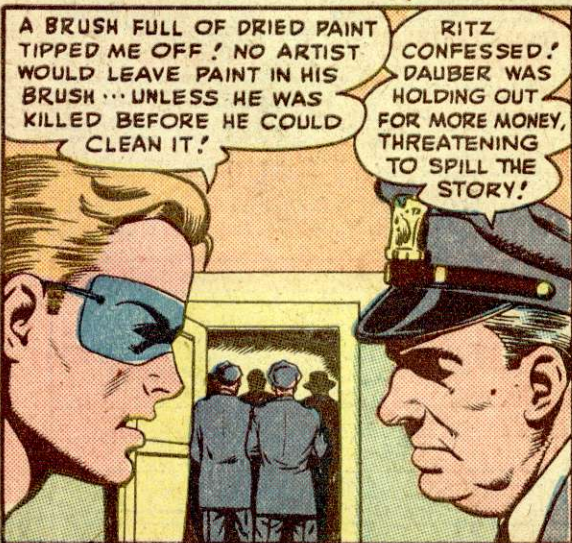
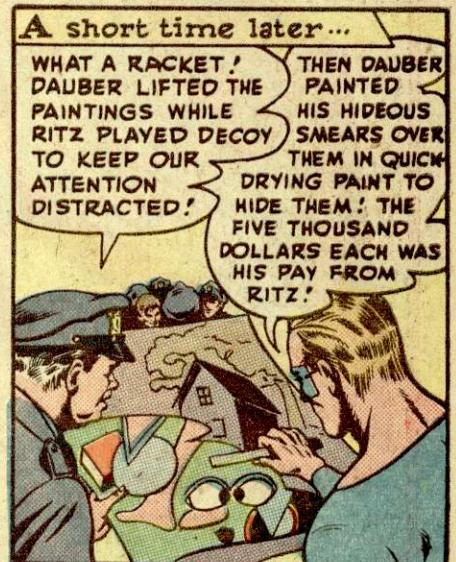
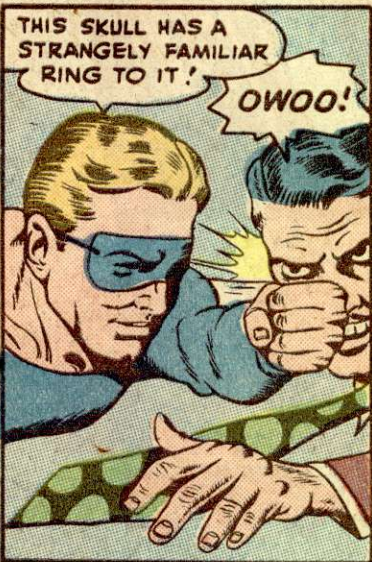
STAY HERE, THOR ! IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, DAUBER DIXON IS THE MISSING PIECE IN THE PUZZLE OF THE VANISHING PAINTINGS !



OH-OH ! PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE SAID ... **WAS** THE MISSING PIECE !



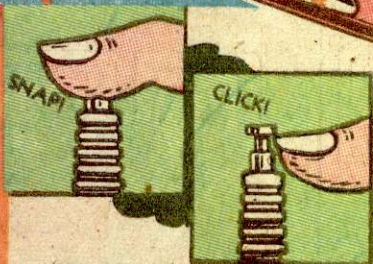




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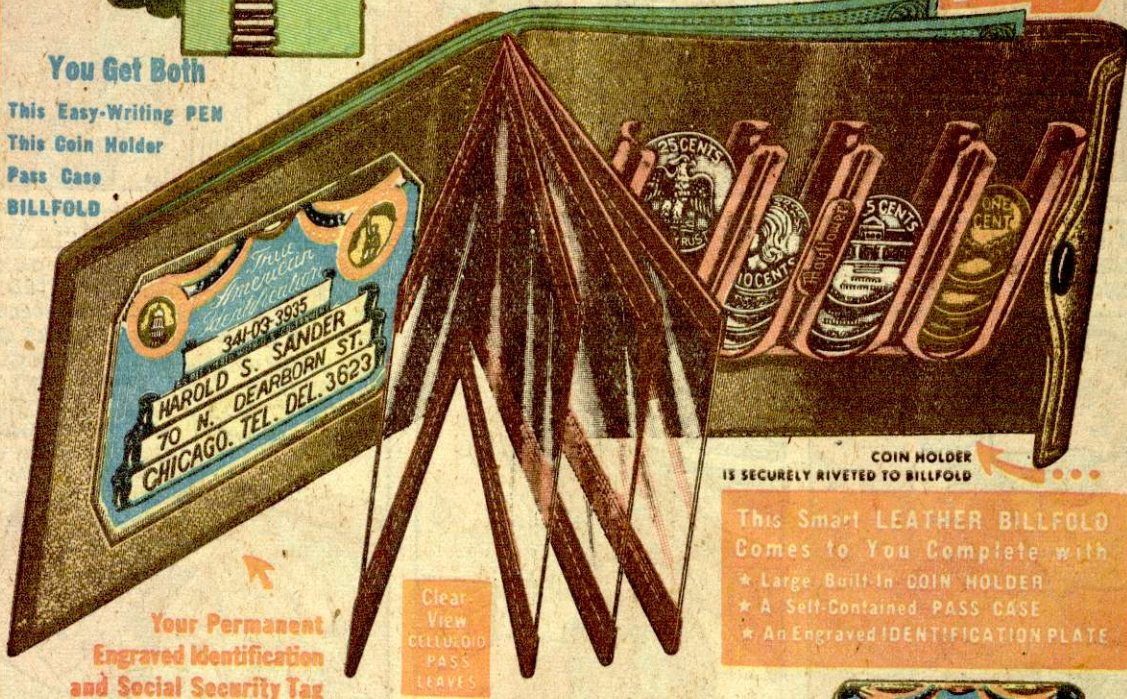
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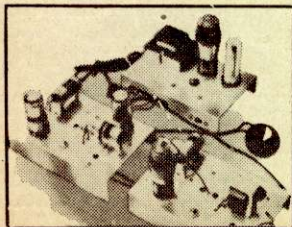
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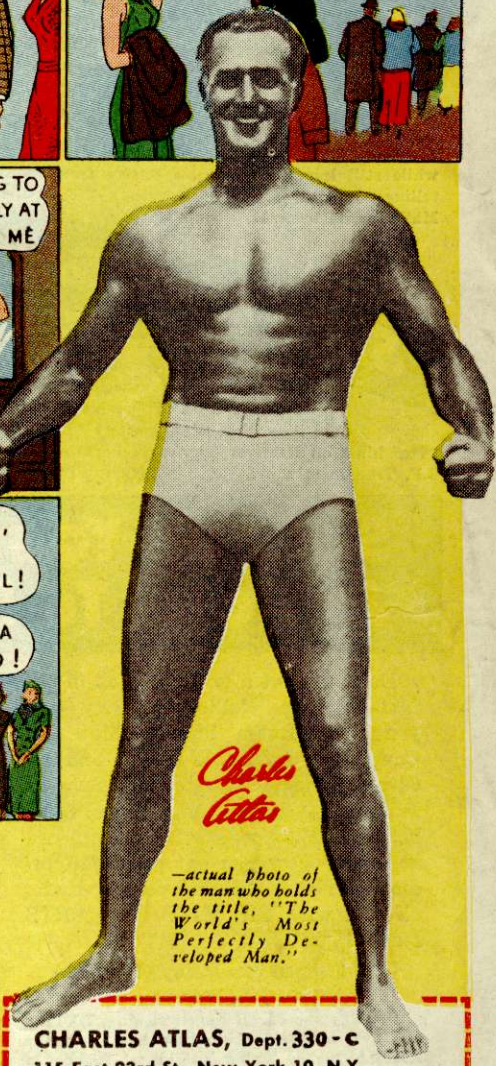
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